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FROM BEGINNING
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MISUNDERSTANDINGS.*

BY TH. BENTZON (MME. BLANC).

I.

Jean Lautrec returned one evening to the apartment he was occupying in the Rue Blanche, and, in spite of the lateness of the hour, sat down and wrote with enthusiasm to his friend, Georges d'Arlet, who was taking a week's "outing" under the sunny skies of Monaco:—

Hurrah! I have found—yes, by Heaven, I do really believe I have found my heroine! I found her by the merest chance, this very afternoon, and I make haste to tell you, because you take such an interest in that future romance of mine; and we have so often discussed it together that I regard you as my collaborator. True, I have not yet begun to write it, but all I have needed up to this point has been a heroine—an exotic heroine—foreign profiles being in fashion at the present moment. She is as American as you please, but none of your American girls from the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe, who are merely the prettiest of *Parisiennes*. This is a regular *bachelor maid*, of the kind that Vivien described with such enthusiasm when he came back

from New York;—one of those boy-girls, who are to replace in the future the extinct species of old-fashioned woman. Minervas on bicycles—intrepid and serious-minded—it seems that the real thing is only to be seen on the other side of the water. Their psychology is so intimately connected with that new era in which man will no longer play the leading part, that it would interest me to study it thoroughly. Or, rather, I ought to say that it *will* interest me; for the most beautiful of all transatlantic Valkyrias has just landed, for my especial behoof, in the modest drawing-room of Mme. de Vincelles. You never would be introduced to Mme. de Vincelles, because you thought her tiresome. Now you can go hang; I leave you to your consuming regrets. I grant you she is a bit literary; but if she were not, and if she had not chosen to assume the rôle of a sort of international shuttle, she would not have been able to receive samples of the entire world in her salon, and so save the rest of us many long and expensive journeys. I am also ready to admit that her labors as a pioneer in various departments of literature have been too conscientiously conducted—too heavy and too deep. She has never

*Translated for The Living Age.

grasped the elementary truth, that an author's only sure way of keeping his readers awake, is violently to advocate some pre-conceived idea. Besides, what if she does put her readers to sleep? We do not read her. But you are incorrigible. You never have forgiven the woman for rating that old gray-beard, Longfellow, higher as a poet than Vielé Griffin; nor because she refuses to acknowledge the existence of the *Scarlet Review*, where your own contributions are always so graciously received. This is all very childish, and I can assure you that you lose a great deal more by sulking on her Tuesdays than she loses by your absence. I don't like her at all the less for being of her own time, which has nothing in common with ours—the time of my mother and yours, who are as incapable of understanding Mallarmé as if he had written in Greek. And I am really very much obliged to her for understanding English and German and other northern tongues, since it enables her to have a cosmopolitan and really curious salon—a kind of annex to the North Pole—where one meets enchanting women.

Do not mistake me! So many ridiculous old maids for one Ethel Marsh! But the fact that Ethel Marsh has finally appeared, repays me for my patient courtesy toward her predecessors. Moreover, in the dullest and grayest of days I did not altogether detest the Louis-Philippian salon of Mme. de Vincelles, because I was always a great man there—a great Frenchman, I mean; 'there were foreign glories enough and to spare. Yes, I am, I think, the only man of my nation who frequents that place, and can, also, plead guilty to several novels of unequal value, and a piece which has been applauded at the *Theatre Libre*. Almost all the other *habitués* have celebrated names, calculated to produce a certain effect on a

newcomer, but a little investigation reveals the fact that X. is the brother of an academicien, and Y. the son of a professor at the *College de France*; while Z. is only first cousin to the Z. who achieved such a success last year at the *Comedie-Française*. The consequence is, that amateur lion-hunters, though they may not have seen the lion, need not come away actually sputtering with rage. Of me it may, at least, be said that I do my own work. The amiable dame in question said a great many other pleasant things, when she introduced me to her "young friend from America"—a friend, by the way, whom she had never seen before. Miss Ethel Marsh had brought with her sundry letters of introduction which Mme. de Vincelles had apparently honored. Unhappily, she had some fifteen other persons to make welcome at the same time, and could not occupy herself specially with this poor girl. Not that she is in the least timid; Miss Marsh has a way of looking people in the face which has nothing in common with what used to be called virginal modesty; but she was all by herself in a corner. It so happened that there was nobody there that Tuesday but the pseudo-lions, X., Y. and Z., and their exceedingly bourgeois families, and Vivien the painter, who had with him two distinguished Englishwomen of an uncertain age, not at all disposed to look favorably on "the Yankee," as I heard them call her under their breath. So I came just in time. With that exuberant enthusiasm which is peculiar to her, Mme. de Vincelles offered me as an interlocutor to the deserted beauty, rehearsing all my qualities, and even admitting that I had "moments of genius." Thank God, I was able to put in at this point the deprecatory remark, "But those moments are very rare."

"Oh, I know all about it," cried Miss Ethel, with a smile that revealed a

row of dazzlingly-beautiful teeth. "I spoke of you in a recent article of my own."

"Of me?"

"Yes; that is to say, of your 'Pasiphæ'."

"You have read 'Pasiphæ'?" I stammered, in amazement.

"Oh no; because I was told that it was a bad book—what we call *wicked*, you know. Some works of genius are wicked. I said so in my article on 'Our Young Writers,' but I did not think it necessary to go through the book."

"I fancy a good many critics adopt your method, mademoiselle, but they do not all own it so frankly."

"But why not? I wanted to point out the tendencies of a certain school to which you belong. It seemed impossible not to mention you—because I am not working altogether in the dark. I am too honest for that. I did read your first book, which I liked almost as well as some things of Maeterlinck. Now, that is saying a great deal. We adore Maeterlinck in America—"

She spoke slowly, choosing her words, and sometimes using English ones, but without any accent. She merely made, from time to time, one of those little mistakes which remind us that there is no intrinsic reason why a chair should be any more feminine than an arm-chair. There is something infantine about blunders of this kind; something sweetly comic, especially when they fall from lips both beautiful and serious.

"Have I, then, the honor to address a fellow-journalist?"

"Oh, do you really write for the papers, too? Why, that is my profession."

"It is rather a hard one with us."

"And with us, too; but one must live."

She made this almost brutal confession, after an acquaintance of five min-

utes, with the easiest and most independent air imaginable, adding:

"I really don't know whether I should be able now to write anything except bits of articles from day to day, and to order. It is hard work, as you say, but I find it quite interesting."

She then went on to tell me how she had hesitated between this "business" and teaching; but journalism gave opportunity for travelling, of which she was very fond, and she was travelling now as the correspondent of a certain magazine. It seemed as though a whirlwind had struck the college where she took her degree that year. All the graduates had rushed into literature, though only one had made a great success of it, as a rather farcical humorist. His name was already famous—Johnny Star. The rest had still their reputations to make. "But one can do anything if one is only resolved."

And she lifted her energetic chin, with its deep dimple in the centre, as though it were a wedge for splitting difficulties.

I repeated, stupidly, "Johnny Star? Was he a classmate of yours?"

"Oh, yes. We are all for co-education in the west, you know. I am a native of Illinois."

"And your parents," I observed, "did they make no objection to your choosing a career, which is nowhere, so far as I know, considered precisely feminine?"

"Oh, but then, what careers are feminine here in France? I don't know of any except to be a fashionable lady, or the mother of a family. No; my parents knew that I was resolved to support myself. They have a great many children. There are two, younger than I, still at home, and that is quite enough. My parents respected my desire for independence."

She certainly spoke of herself and her people more fully and openly than is customary between two persons who

have but just been introduced. But I felt grateful to her for avoiding the usual commonplaces and letting herself be seen, from the first, for exactly what she was. Her tones, her look, her whole physiognomy, spoke frankness and perfect integrity; still, it was rather embarrassing. She seemed so innocently and involuntarily to challenge one to offend her—if only by one of those disrespectful compliments which the most circumspect of young ladies usually accept with pleasure.

Meanwhile, Mme. de Vincelles had coughed once or twice, and now abruptly flung herself into the midst of our dialogue:

"Dear Miss Marsh, allow me to present to you Mlle. X."

And the niece of a member of the Institute—a very tall and thin young woman, with a face like a sheep, drew her chair nearer to the stranger's, coloring as she did so, while Miss Marsh held out her hand in an abrupt and manly fashion.

I left them, unwillingly, to make acquaintance as best they might, and strolled off to join Vivien at the other end of the drawing-room. The disease of the digestive organs, which he contracted in the United States, has made him more bitter than ever toward what he calls the land of dyspepsia. It would appear that the food in the country inns is really abominable, and that a landscape painter who has to put up with it endangers his life.

"Do you know that Miss Marsh?" I asked him.

"Not at all."

"She would be a famous model for a sculptor, eh? And for a painter, too. Such roses are worth any number of 'lines'. Does she not remind you of a great flower—with that radiant complexion and that elegant stem—I mean waist?"

"I prefer *stem*. She is graceful, but lacks roundness. There are not nearly

so many beautiful shoulders to be seen at a ball in New York as you find in Paris. In a high dress the line is generally pleasing. This one, however, cannot be classed among fragile beauties. But don't let me hear any more about your cameo faces—the 'clear-cut features' they are so mighty proud of! They are so ineffably *dry*! Stay, do you remember what you said the first time you saw in my studio the sketches I had brought back from America alongside my French landscapes? You were struck by the contrast between our caressing atmosphere and theirs, which is so pitilessly clear, making everything stand out so crudely. Now, I find exactly the same difference in the women's faces of the two countries. You miss, in the very handsomest of the Americans, the indescribable softness, and sweetness, and harmony—which is precisely what their painters go into raptures over, when they discern it in some out-of-the-way nook in Normandy or Brittany. Just see how they make up to it, without a moment's regret for Niagara or the Rocky Mountains, or those famous red autumn leaves of theirs—of a scarlet so harsh as to defy all artistic representation. They stay with us and imitate us, and, by Heaven, they could not do better!"

"I should not much mind making up to Miss Marsh," I observed to this bilious manufacturer of paradoxes, who slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"I daresay not. But I who have seen them *en masse*, find in her the same utter absence of femininity which revolted me in all the rest of them. Look a little more closely at that hard profile—that forehead, intelligent, if you will, but so obstinate, that firm chin, and imperious eyebrow! They all betray disdain. 'Tis a terrible type of woman, I tell you; terrible to men like us, who find none of the qualities among them which we are used to expect in a wom-

an. Fancy, my friend, I never could get an omelette in their country—not the simplest kind of an omelette—which the humblest peasant-woman in France can make so well. To be sure, there are no peasant-women there. But God preserve us from ever being like those people!”

I had known, of course, that we should come round sooner or later to his dyspepsia; and I now executed a skilful manœuvre which brought me once more into the vicinity of Miss Marsh. I was just in time to hear Mlle. de X. say, in a choked sort of voice:

“Alone? You are *alone*, here in Paris?”

“Absolutely alone. Is Paris so very dangerous? One would think, to hear you talk, that it was a jungle full of tigers!”

“And you go everywhere without an attendant?”

“Why not? I am twenty-six years old.”

“Here, one always has an attendant until one is married.”

“Really? And supposing one does not marry?”

The long, pale face of Mlle. de X. lengthened yet more; for she had no *dot*, and knew that she was herself threatened with the supreme misfortune in question.

“Is one to be treated like a child all one’s life?” pursued Miss Marsh.

“Ernestine,” said Mme. de X., making a little sign to her daughter; and Ernestine glided away from Miss Marsh, carrying in her soul, however, the poisoned arrow of a vicious example.

I had a little laugh with my new friend over the slavery to which our maidens are condemned; and when I had convinced her that I as a bachelor much preferred the freedom which prevails in America, I added, perfidiously:

“If you would only treat me like one

of your own countrymen, and accept my services, I should be too much honored. Did I not understand that you send letters from here to some newspaper in America? I might be able to suggest subjects, and put you in the way of seeing certain things.”

“Ah,” she cried, clapping her hands, “that would be delightful. You really might be the greatest help!”

“Pray, make use of me!”

“Well, then, you must come to my place. I have taken rooms in the Latin quarter;—old Paris, you know, where the stores all have a history, and one can work without being disturbed.”

She gave me her address quite audibly, not caring, apparently, who might hear her, and when I bade her good-night, having promised to dine with Marcelle and take her to the Variétés, Miss Marsh shook hands with me as though I had been an old comrade. No woman had ever grasped my hand so firmly before.

“She’s rather nice, is she not?” said Mme. de Vincelles, as I proceeded to take my leave of her, also, and I replied, with calculated hypocrisy:

“Uncommonly nice.”

It was the least one could say. A trifle too tall, maybe; but what a rhythmic step—what a long, supple neck! She has that androgynous Greek beauty which is equally appropriate to a beautiful youth and a goddess, for she combines the energy of one sex with the grace of the other. And what serene self-possession! What is there behind it? That is what I would exceedingly like to know. It would appear that I have encountered the new Eve, whom it may be profitable, as well as interesting, for me to study. At all events, it will be an exquisite adventure.

Jean Lautrec paused here, at the bottom of his tenth page of large paper, and hurriedly gathered up the scattered sheets.

"And when I began," he murmured, "all I meant was to fling a *Eureka* at George's head! He will have to wait some time for my letter. I have actually set the stakes for a first chapter! I have simply to let my notes accumulate day by day, and there will be my romance all complete! My written romance," he added, with a rather inane smile, "without prejudice to the one I shall have lived."

Jean Lautrec glanced at his mirror, which confirmed the truth of what Marcelle had told him that evening—that he was a very pretty fellow—and reflected that he had had about enough of actresses.

"They do lie so! And then, Marcelle is really growing too fat."

Lighting a cigarette, he fell to musing upon two flashing eyes which had looked straight into his own, and at whose fire he felt himself to have been decidedly singed. If he could but see them veiled by a tender moisture! A touch of trouble would make them adorable!

"But we'll trouble them, never fear!" he said to himself, with a fine confidence, and he carefully laid away his letter to Georges d'Arlet in the cupboard, where he kept all his human documents methodically arranged.

He had, in fact, dozens of little notebooks, each one of which contained the outlines of a masterpiece; for Jean Lautrec, be it known, was one of those merciless analysts who practice vivisection both upon souls and bodies, and who are not offended at being called cruel.

Ethel Marsh, to Jessie Allen in New York:—

The Home Club, Paris, Mar. 20.
My dearest Jessie:—

It is two months since I landed, and I have sent you nothing but a few words, hurriedly scribbled on a postal-

card. I think a great deal about you and Klitty, but my eyes are occupied all the time with seeing—I may say *devouring*—Paris. Oh, Jessie, it really is the most beautiful city in the world; not merely because there are neither snow-drifts nor quagmires, as there are in some streets we know of, not merely because the buildings are so old and the sky so soft—a pearl-gray sky with just the faintest tinge of blue—a sky which now, when it is already spring, seems to lean over you in the most gentle and familiar fashion, conveying the idea of a heaven much less proud and inaccessible than ours—oh, I adore the skies of Paris; I never can have done with my raptures over them, and I have quite lost the thread of what I was saying before. Where was I? Oh, yes! I was praising this incomparable town, with its artistic shop-windows, and the tranquil movement to and fro of its amiable inhabitants, who never seem to do anything but lounge and stroll, though they must work sometimes, I suppose, to judge by what they produce. Well, as I was saying, there's a sort of beatific torpor which comes over you here—which you breathe in the very air; and it is an intelligent torpor, too, for it makes you feel that you can learn all that is to be known about this miracle of the ages, by the mere way of contemplation. You only need live and look on. I hardly think of doing anything. Is it not amazing,—I who was one of the most energetic in the country where there is the least time lost? But why should one hurry in Paris? You get a fresh impression at every step. I have already a list as long as my arm of subjects for my magazine, and I have not had to hunt for them. They came of themselves. Oh, what a beautiful thing *ripeness* is! I say so to myself from morning to night, having never known anything until now but what is young, and green, and raw, and new! Time

gives to all things such an even tint, rubs down the unpleasant angles, makes life so delightfully easy! One has to be so rich in New York before one can have anything beyond the mere necessities! How often we have said it, dear friends; when we were living in our little community of three—where we knew some hard days and some very good times, too, did we not, Jessie? For, of course, there is a great charm about trying all one's strength, and exercising all one's faculties all the time. And, then, we won't abuse New York! If Paris is lavish of pleasures, for which you pay nothing, if the omnibuses never take in more passengers than they have places for, if a wise, but rather tedious, administration replaces the simple law of the fist—the right of swiftness and strength—she leaves a great deal to be desired in some other directions.

I will not rehearse my first experiences, because they are already ancient history:—how, when I had arranged to take two small rooms in the Latin Quarter, I stupefied the concierge by asking for a bathroom all to myself. Just fancy! Unless you are positively rich, you go to a public bath. And when a woman goes into a restaurant, it always seems to excite a certain surprise. No lady would ever think of asking a friend to dine with her at an hotel! It is true that it is much easier to find servants here than at home; but the greatest mass of "bread-winners" like me do not have any, and things do not seem very conveniently arranged for them. The restaurant is reserved for men.

I don't know what they would say here to a Ladies' Club, meeting once a fortnight at Delmonico's. The doings of Sorosis would be thought detestable. Frenchwomen, by the way, have no clubs; and that, of itself, shows you how limited their resources are. My portress—in what I now call my days

of drudging apprenticeship and painful initiation—used to bring me a cup of coffee every morning (nobody eats meat at breakfast here), and I lunched voraciously at the pastry-cook's on my way to the Library. *Luncher*, however, means, in French, to take an entirely superfluous meal, like our five o'clock tea. I should not have minded the trifling discomfort, but it appeared that the house where I had taken furnished rooms, and which professed to be entirely respectable, was not altogether, so I was only too glad, therefore, to get in at the Home Club, which a generous countrywoman of ours has founded for the very great benefit of young American girls who are working or studying in Paris. Sarah West managed it for me. She has been living there herself for two years, and painting with Jean Paul Laurens. I am here on rather exceptional terms, the advantages of the club being intended primarily for students proper, while I am already a producer, though I am learning, too. But I had some good references, and interest was made for me; and, in short, here I am, and I congratulate myself on it every day of my life. It is very nice to find myself really *at home* after my daily excursions into unknown lands. And living at the Home Club (the very name is a comfort!) does not hamper me in my investigations. I hunt for novelties, and find them, and make what use of them I will, and nobody interferes.

My object is to get the French point of view, and in pursuance of this design I frequently dine in town. I go once a week to the excellent old dame who teaches me conversation, Mme. Mousset, a retired school-mistress who has a perfect passion for *pot-au-feu*. Not that I have much trouble in talking. Fortunately, they did not have at our little prairie College the notion which is far too prevalent in some big cities, that a Swede or a German is the

best teacher of French, even though he does not speak it. Mlle. Camet, from Geneva, did not merely instruct us in syntax, but, by a sort of exceptional miracle, she made us understand the language. If I may trust Mme. Mousset (but, really, if one were to credit all the nonsensical compliments that circulate as common coin on this side of the sea, one would be a dupe from morning till night), your friend makes very few blunders. But what I want is to master certain niceties of the language which are peculiarly Parisian, and also to fathom the endless prejudices of these people, which you cannot overlook without committing a thousand stupidities. Mme. Mousset's prejudices are a delight to me. She cannot understand, for instance, my never having drunk wine, and she thinks me an object of pity on that account. We discuss the temperance question *ad nauseam* at our little dinners—which represent what they call in France *good bourgeois* cooking;—viands that have to *simmer* slowly all day long. When I tell her that a house-keeper at home prepares her meal in half an hour, on an arrangement where everything is done at once, or talk about improvising a *consommé* by flinging a prepared tablet into boiling water, she exclaims with a gesture of the deepest repugnance, "How disgusting!" She has a supreme contempt for our cooking schools. The art of good cheer, according to her, is something sacred and inborn. In France, almost everything that concerns women is referred to the magical principle of intuition. Just as if they could afford, any better than men can, to dispense with rational and systematic instruction! But for all that, Mme. Mousset is no idealist. One day, for example, I tried to make her understand our faith in the principle of Christian Science which consists in not believing in illness, or wishing to be ill, and which

will probably end by abolishing all suffering. All she did was to tap her forehead in a most expressive manner. I shall never succeed in convincing her that the practitioners—or rather the practitioner-esses—of this science, which is really as old as Solomon, though it is called new, rank among the most popular physicians in the United States.

"How can the Americans, who are so practical, have so much imagination?" she says. "How can one be Protestant and superstitious at the same time?"

This is what baffles her completely.

Another prejudice, which is not peculiar to Mme. Mousset, any more than the preceding, consists in fancying that a young girl cannot live quietly and respectably without some sort of formal protector.

"But society at large protects her," I say.

"It is very different here," Mme. Mousset answers, naïvely.

I am obliged, however, to confess that, after two years of attending lectures and working in studios, our friend Sarah West says almost the same thing. I could not quite help laughing when I first heard her. You know her short hair and spectacles, and the way she dresses.

"Do you really mean to tell me, Sarah, that you have been pursued by impertinent admirers?"

She took it in perfectly good part.

"I am not talking about myself," she said. "I labor under no delusions concerning the sort of curiosity I excite. But, do you remember Alice Drury, whom her father was foolish enough to leave with a chaperone rather more giddy than herself for the travel which was to complete her education? Well, these ladies contrived to get into very shady society. There were countesses and marquises, more or less authentic, who made advances to them, and how could they resist? They did not realize

the absence of respectable women in what they called 'the salons of Paris.' At the end of the first winter, men were speaking of poor Alice, at their clubs, by a soubriquet that was positively insulting. She was very gay, very amusing, very successful; and so she continued to be until she had lost the last shred of her reputation."

'Tis a sad story, of course, but it doesn't prove anything. Alice Drury always had too much Irish blood in her veins. She was impulsive and sentimental, and preferred living among idle people. I, who have neither time nor money to throw away, never see any but working-people. Still, I am bound to own that there are certain annoyances which it seems impossible to avoid. For instance, Jessie, you could never imagine the coarse way men have of staring at women in the street. Sometimes they even follow them. Mme. Mousset insists, however, that if American girls are treated unhand-somely they bring it upon themselves, largely, by their too-decided manners.

You see, we never were taught to drop our eyes. Our boldness, which is admired by those who understand it, is looked upon here as effrontery, pure and simple. 'Tis very odd, however, that the gallantry of these gentlemen which is so aggressive out-of-doors is positively timid in what is called society. I sent my letters of introduction, and I go to the "at homes" of two or three persons who are not suspicious of strangers. But it almost never happens that a man comes and sits down beside me for a friendly chat. You would think they were afraid of being drawn into a compromising flirtation. The flirt is in very bad odor. I believe they know, in their heart of hearts, that it is all a farce; great cry and little wool. The married women of Europe go a great deal farther—at least, if one may believe the novels. I myself have never seen any but the

most edifying mothers of families, taking their little girls to lectures. I long to see the others—those pernicious heroines of Paul Bourget. I am always on the lookout for them.

To go back to the solitude in which young ladies are left by the gentlemen here. I suffered from it, rather, at first, being so entirely unused to it. But now I have taken up my own line, and some of my compatriots help me by coming to see me. Do you know that there is a club of several hundred American students in Paris? Several of our old acquaintances, who are studying at the *Beaux Arts*, belong to it—Jack Brady and Horace Giles—but I'm not here to be monopolized by Americans.

One Frenchman, and one only, has ventured within my toils, but I expect to be congratulated upon him, for it is Jean Lautrec, whom you and Kitty used to laud to the skies for his rather affected symbolism. I met him at that Mme. de Vincelles's, who has been so cordial. Old ladies are astonishingly admired in this part of the world. Mothers and grandmothers count for much more than daughters and granddaughters, who always lower their flags to their elders. A woman is really nothing till she is married. And this is what makes them all so wild to marry. If we at home lay too little stress upon this ancient custom, the Frenchwomen certainly lay too much; and one understands it, because, without marriage, there is absolutely no freedom for them. Besides, the poor girls here never get a chance to form those school and college friendships which are often much better than love. They are shamefully spied upon in their boarding-schools, and in their homes they always hear it said that a husband does not like his wife to have intimate women friends; and so they proceed obediently to sacrifice the most precious possession of their lives to an unknown individual

who may never condescend to appear. I pity them. They might as well be in Turkey! But they have only themselves to blame for their degradation. Their everlasting desire to please is the ruin of all proper pride. You cannot imagine with what exaggerated humility Mme. de Vincelles tries to excuse herself for her literary lucubrations. It is pitiable!

M. Lautrec soon found out that I was not of that kind. He paid me two or three visits, during which it seemed to me that he interviewed me rather unblushingly, notwithstanding that he is a well-bred man. He has pleasant manners, spoiled by one grain too much self-satisfaction. As to his looks—they are quite ordinary; a face without strength, though he looks animated and clever. Really handsome men are very rare in France; and the women affect not to care for that advantage in the so-called stronger sex. A man like Ralph Egerton would never have the success here that he has at home; nor do I think he would ever venture to adopt that arrangement of the hair which makes him look like the Apollo Belvedere! One seldom sees, moreover, the smooth-shaven face which our young men of fashion affect, and which is so essential to the pseudo-Greek types.

It seems astonishing that the part of Petruchio in the "Taming of the Shrew" should have been taken at the Comédié Française by Coquelin. In England or America it would not be thought possible to give that part of lady-conqueror to any but an extremely handsome man; but in France the idea seems to be that it is wit that wins the day; and wit, of course, may have a nose like a trumpet, with impunity.

Their version of "The Taming of the Shrew" quite spoils the play, and I only mention it because Mme. de Vincelles took me to see it yesterday, M. Lautrec having given us a box. I got a great

deal of interesting information in the course of the evening about the actors and actresses, so that I shall be able to make up a very taking article for the magazine. It is not at all the same thing seeing these actors on their native heath, and seeing them as we do at home. I fancy that they have a kind of acting which is reserved for exportation; special methods of adapting themselves to our comprehension. Another difference is, that here they are so well supported; and you run no risk, as at New York, when you go to see Mounet-Sully in "Hernani," of having Don Carlos played by an understudy. If they think that we do not know the difference, that we cannot appreciate the irreproachable *ensemble* of the company at the Française, and are quite content with the privilege of covering isolated stars with gold, they are very much mistaken. But one of the most deeply-rooted of European prejudices is that Americans have no taste, and the reason they give you is that we are practical and make machines. It would appear that there is an incompatibility between mechanics and poetry; between industry and certain refinements.

According to M. Lautrec, however, a perfect stock company, like that of the Française, exists mainly for the greater glory of conversation in certain drawing-rooms, whose habitués make repartees under the auspices of a clever hostess. He has mentioned two such salons, and I should like very much to see them; but, unfortunately, they are seldom open to foreigners. Real French society is very exclusive—almost unapproachable. Those members of the American colony who are received in it are so only on condition of themselves entertaining in the most sumptuous and amusing fashion, and the majority never get into the heart of it at all. They end, I think, by taking the ground that they prefer to visit

among themselves. The New Yorkers live, for the most part, about the Arc de Triomphe or near the Grand Opera. M. Lautrec is very well acquainted in this Parisian New York, and seemed quite astonished that I had no acquaintances there. But I told him that I did not belong to the fashionable

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world, and that I saw no more of it in New York than in Paris.

"What, Miss Marsh, in a republic?"

"In a republic, M. Lautrec, the moneyed aristocracy is more arrogant than any aristocracy elsewhere."

The truth is, Jessie, that they do not know the first thing about us!

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERN STAGE.

Without "the living comment and interpretation of the theatre," Shakespeare's work is, for the rank and file of mankind, "a deep well without a wheel or a windlass." It is true that the whole of the spiritual treasures which Shakespeare's dramas hoard will never be disclosed to the mere play-goer, but "a large, a very large portion of that indefinite all" may be revealed to him on the stage, and, if he be no patient reader, will be revealed to him nowhere else. There are earnest students of Shakespeare who scorn the theatre and arrogate to themselves in the library—often with some justification—a far greater capacity for apprehending and appreciating Shakespeare than is at the command of the ordinary play-goer or actor. But let Sir Oracle of the study, however full and deep be his knowledge, "use all gently." Let him bear in mind that his vision also has its limitations, and that student, actor, and spectator of Shakespeare's plays are all alike exploring a measureless region of philosophy and poetry, "round which no comprehension has yet drawn the line of circumspection so as to say to itself, 'I have seen the whole.'" Actor and student may look at Shakespeare's text from different points of view, but there is always as reasonable a chance

that the actor may disclose the full significance of some speech or scene which escapes the student as that the student may supply the actor's lack of insight.

It is easier for a student of literature to support the proposition that Shakespeare can be, and ought to be, represented on the stage, than to define the ways and means of securing practical observance of the precept. At the present time there is a widening divergence of view on the subject between those who defend in theory the adaptability of Shakespeare to the stage and the leading theatrical managers, who alone possess the power of conferring on the Shakespearean drama theatrical interpretation. In the most influential circles of the theatrical profession it has become a commonplace to assert that Shakespearean drama cannot be successfully produced on the stage, cannot be rendered tolerable to any large section of the play-going public, without a plethora of scenic spectacle and gorgeous costume, which the student regards as superfluous and inappropriate. It is a tradition of the modern stage that every revival of a Shakespearean play at a leading theatre must exceed in spectacular magnificence all that went before. The dramatic interest is deemed by the

manager inadequate to satisfy the necessary commercial purposes of the theatre. The feast that Shakespeare's plays offer to the playgoer is regarded as tasteless and colorless unless it be fortified by stimulants derived from the independent arts of music and painting. Shakespeare's words must be spoken to musical accompaniments specially prepared for the occasion. Pictorial tableaux, even though they suggest topics without relevance to the development of the plot, have to be interpolated in order to keep the attention of the audience sufficiently alive. It is obvious that these embellishments are very costly. Therefore, according to the system now in vogue, the performance of a play of Shakespeare involves heavy financial risks, and, unless the views of theatrical managers undergo some change, these risks are likely to become greater. The natural result is that Shakespearean revivals in London are comparatively rare; they take place at uncertain intervals, and only those plays are viewed with favor by the managers which lend themselves in their opinion to ostentatious spectacle.

It is ungrateful to criticize adversely any work the production of which entails the expenditure of much thought and money, especially when the outcome, as in the case of recent Shakespearean revivals at the West-end theatres, gives much pleasure to large sections of the community—in itself a worthy object. But the pleasure that the theatrical manager gives in the case of recent Shakespearean revival reaches the spectator mainly through the eye. That is the manager's avowed intention. Yet no one would seriously deny that the Shakespearean drama appeals primarily to the head and to the heart. Whoever seeks, therefore, by the production of Shakespearean drama, chiefly to please the spectator's eye, shows scant respect both for the

dramatist, whom he misrepresents, and for the spectator, whom he misleads, in a particular of first-rate importance. If it can be shown that excess in scenic display not merely restricts the opportunities enjoyed by Londoners of witnessing Shakespeare's plays on the stage, but also either weakens or distorts the just and proper influence of Shakespeare's work, then it follows that the increased and increasing expense which is involved in the production of Shakespeare's plays ought, on grounds of public policy, to be diminished.

Every stage representation of a play requires sufficient scenery and costume to produce in the audience that illusion of environment which the text invites. Without so much scenery or costume the words fail to get home to the audience. In comedies dealing with modern society, the stage presentation necessarily relies for its success, to a very large extent, on the realism of the scenic appliances. In plays that appeal to the highest faculties, the pursuit of realism in the scenery tends to destroy the illusion which it ought to aid. In the one case the environment which it is sought to reproduce is familiar and easy of imitation; in the other case, the environment is unfamiliar, and admits of no realistic imitation. The wall-paper and furniture of Mrs. So-and-So's drawing-room in West Kensington can be transferred bodily to the stage. Prospero's deserted island does not admit of the like handling. Effective suggestion of the scene of "The Tempest" is all that can reasonably be attempted. The machinery to be employed for the purpose of suggestion should be simple and unobtrusive. If it be complex and obtrusive it defeats "the purpose of playing," by exaggerating for the spectator the inevitable interval between the scene that the poet imagines and the scene that the stage renders practicable.

Anything that aims at doing more than satisfy the condition essential to the effective suggestion of the scenic environment of Shakespearean drama is, from the logical point of view, "wasteful and ridiculous excess."¹

But it is not only a simplification of scenic appliances that is needed. Spectacular methods of production entail the employment of armies of silent supernumeraries to whom are allotted functions wholly ornamental and mostly impertinent. Here, too, reduction is desirable in the true interest of the drama. No persons should appear on the stage who are not precisely indicated by the text of the play or by the authorized stage directions. When Cæsar is buried it is essential to produce in the audience the illusion that a crowd of Roman citizens is taking part in the ceremony. But the fewer the number of supernumeraries by whom the needful illusion is effected, the greater the merit of the performance, the more convincing the testimony borne to the skill of the stage manager. No procession of psalm-singing priests and monks is needful to the essential illusion in the historical plays, nor does the text of the "Merchant of Venice" justify any assembly of Venetian townsmen, however picturesquely attired, sporting or chaffering with one another on the Rialto when Shylock enters to claim his debt of Antonio. An interpolated tableau is indefensible, and "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." In "Antony and Cleopatra" the pageant of Cleopatra's voyage up the river Cydnus to meet her lover Antony should have no existence outside the gorgeous description given of it by Enobarbus.

What would be the practical effects

of a stern resolve on the part of theatrical managers to simplify the scenic appliances and to reduce the supernumerary staff when producing Shakespearean drama? One result is obvious. There would be so much more money in the manager's pocket after he had paid the expenses of production. If the expenses of outlay were smaller, the manager would be satisfied with a shorter run for the piece; and the sum that he expended in the production of one play of Shakespeare on the current over-elaborate scale would cover the production of two or three pieces mounted with simplicity and a strict adherence to the requirements of the text.

We are told, however, that a very small public would interest itself in Shakespeare's plays if they were robbed of scenic upholstery and spectacular display. It may be admitted that the public to which Shakespeare in his purity makes appeal is not large enough to command continuous runs of plays for many months, or even weeks. But long runs of a single play of Shakespeare bring more evil than good in their train. They develop in even the most efficient acting a soulless mechanism. The literary beauty of the text is obliterated by repetition from the actors' minds. Unostentatious mounting of the Shakespearean plays may possibly fail to "please the million," it may be "caviare to the general," but it ought not to be impossible for the manager who, by comparatively inexpensive settings, is able at short intervals to produce a succession of Shakespeare's plays, to attract, under suitable conditions, a small but sufficient support from the intelligent section of playgoers.

The practical manager, who naturally

¹ A minor practical objection, from the dramatic point of view, to realistic scenery is the long pause its setting on the stage renders inevitable between the scenes. Intervals of the

kind, which always tend to blunt the dramatic point of the play, especially in the case of tragic masterpieces, should obviously be as brief as possible.

seeks pecuniary profit from his ventures, replies that these proposals are counsels of perfection and these anticipations wild and fantastic dreams. But has the commercial success attending the spectacular production of Shakespeare been so conspicuous as to put summarily out of court on the purely commercial ground the method of simplicity? More than forty years ago, between 1851 and 1859, Charles Kean, who may be regarded as the founder of the modern spectacular system, though it has been enormously developed since his day, strenuously endeavored by prodigal display to make the production of Shakespeare an enterprise of profit. The scheme proved peculiarly disastrous.

Sir Henry Irving, the greatest of our actors and stage-managers, who has in many regards conferred incalculable benefits on the theatre-going public and on the theatrical profession, has given the spectacular and scenic system every advantage that it could derive from munificent expenditure, and he can justly claim a far finer artistic sentiment and a far higher histrionic capacity than Charles Kean possessed. Yet Sir Henry Irving recently announced that he lost on his Shakespearean productions a hundred thousand pounds. Sir Henry added:

The enormous cost of a Shakespearean production on the liberal and elaborate scale which the public is now accustomed to expect, makes it almost impossible for any manager—I don't care who it is—to pursue a continuous policy of Shakespeare for many years with any hope of profit in the long run.

In face of this authoritative pronouncement, it must be conceded that the spectacular system has been given every chance of succeeding of late years, and has been, from the commercial point of view, a failure. Meanwhile the simple method of Shakespearean

production has been given no serious chance at all, and the anticipation of its pecuniary failure has not been put to any practical test. The last time that it was put to a practical test it did not fail. Phelps at Sadler's Wells gave, under well-considered conditions, the simple method a trial, and the prophets of evil, who were no greater strangers to his generation than they are to our own, were themselves confuted by his experience.

On the 27th of May, 1844, Phelps and Mrs. Warner reopened Sadler's Wells Theatre "in the hope," they wrote, in an unassuming address, "of eventually rendering it what a theatre ought to be, a place for justly representing the works of our great dramatic poets." This hope they fully realized. The first play that they produced was "Macbeth." Phelps continued to control the theatre for more than eighteen years, and during that period he produced, together with many other English plays of classical repute, no fewer than thirty-one of the thirty-seven great dramas that came from Shakespeare's pen. In his first season, besides "Macbeth," he set forth "Hamlet," "King John," "Henry VIII," "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Richard III." To these he added, in the course of his second season, "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," and "Winter's Tale." "Henry VI, part I," "Measure for Measure," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest" followed in his third season; "As You Like It," "Cymbeline," "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Twelfth Night" in his fourth. Each succeeding season saw further additions to the Shakespearean repertory. No long continuous run of any one piece was permitted by the rules of the playhouse. The program was constantly changed; the scenic appliances were simple, adequate and inexpensive; the supernumerary staff was restricted to the smallest practicable

able number. For every thousand pounds that Charles Kean laid out at the Princess's Theatre on scenery and other expenses of production, Phelps, in his most ornate revivals, spent less than a fourth of that sum. For the pounds spent by managers on more recent revivals Phelps would have spent only as many shillings. In the result Phelps reaped from the profits of his efforts a handsome, unencumbered income. During the same period Charles Kean grew more and more deeply involved in oppressive debt, and, at a later date, Sir Henry Irving made over to the public a hundred thousand pounds above his receipts. Why, then, should not Phelps's encouraging experiment be made again?²

But if scenery in Shakespearean productions is relegated to its proper place in the background of the stage, it is necessary that the acting, from top to bottom of the cast, shall be more efficient than that which is commonly associated with spectacular representations. There the attention of the spectator is largely absorbed by the triumphs of the scene-painter and machinist, of the costumer and the musicians; the actor often eludes notice altogether. Macready, whose theatrical career was long anterior to the spectacular period of Shakespearean representation, has left on record a deliberate opinion of Charles Kean's spectacular methods at the Princess's

Theatre in their relation to the histrionic art. Macready's verdict is, in some degree, of universal application. "The production of the Shakespearean plays at the Princess's Theatre," the great actor wrote to Lady Pollock on the 1st of May, 1850, rendered the spoken text "more like a running commentary on the spectacles exhibited than the scenic arrangements an illustration of the text." No criticism could define more convincingly the evil worked by spectacle on the actor. Acting can be, and commonly tends to be, the most mechanical of physical exercises. The actor is often a mere automaton who repeats night after night, the same unimpressive trick of voice, eye and gesture. His defects of understanding may be comparatively unobtrusive in a spectacular display, where he is liable to escape censure by escaping observation; but the long runs which scenic excess brings in its train accentuate the mechanical actor's imperfections and diminish his opportunities of remedying them. On the other hand, acting can rise under opposite conditions into the noblest of the arts. The great actor relies for genuine success on no mere gesticulatory mechanism. Imaginative insight, passion, the gift of oratory, grace and dignity of movement and bearing, perfect command of the voice in the whole gamut of its inflections, are the constituent qualities of true histrionic

² It is just to notice the efforts to produce Shakespearean drama worthily which were made by Charles Alexander Calvert at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, between 1864 and 1874. Calvert, who was a warm admirer of Phelps, attempted to blend Phelps's method with Charles Kean's, and bestowed great scenic elaboration on the production of at least eight plays of Shakespeare. Financially the speculation saw every vicissitude, and Calvert's experience may be quoted in support of the view that a return to Phelps's method is financially safer than a return to Charles Kean's. More recently the Elizabethan Stage Society has endeavored to produce, with a simplicity which errs on the side of severity, many plays of Shakespeare and other literary dramas.

But the Society's work is done privately, and has not at present invited any genuine test of publicity. The recent representation by the Society of Richard II, in which Mr. Granville Barker played the King with great charm and judgment, showed the fascination that a competent rendering of Shakespeare's text exerts, even in the total absence of scenery, over an audience of suitable temper. It is to be hoped that Mr. Benson, who, after a long career in the provinces, is to tempt fortune in London next February with an extended series of Shakespearean performances on the simple model, may justify the hopes of his supporters, and prove more effectually than argument the reasonableness of reviving Phelps's scheme.

capacity. In no drama are these qualities more necessary, or ampler opportunities offered for their use, than in the plays of Shakespeare. Not only in the leading rôles of his masterpieces, but in the subordinate parts throughout the range of his work, the highest abilities of the actor can find some scope for employment. It is, therefore, indispensable that the standard of Shakespearean acting should always be maintained at the highest level, and scenic excess, with its inseparable tendency to long runs, is to be deplored on no ground more seriously than on the ground that it tends to encourage the maintenance of the level of acting at something far below the highest. Phelps was keenly alive to this peril, and his best energies were devoted to training his actors and actresses for all the rôles in the cast. Actors and actresses who have the dignity of their profession at heart must welcome the revival of a system which alone guarantees their talent due recognition, and ensures for incompetence the scorn that befits it.

Foreign experience tells in favor of the contention that, if Shakespeare's plays are to be honored on the modern stage as they deserve, they must be freed of the existing incubus of scenic machinery. French acting has always won and deserved admiration. There is no doubt that one cause of its permanently high repute is the absolute divorce in the French theatre between drama and spectacle. Molière stands to French literature in the same relation as Shakespeare stands to English literature. Molière's plays are constantly acted in French theatres with a scenic austerity which is unknown to the humblest of our theatres. A French audience would regard it as sacrilege to convert a comedy of Molière into a spectacle. The French people are commonly credited with a love of ornament and display to which

the English people are assumed to be strangers, but their treatment of Molière is convincing proof that their artistic sense is ultimately truer than our own. The mode of producing Shakespeare on the stage in Germany supplies an argument to the same effect. In Berlin and Vienna, and in all the chief towns of German-speaking Europe, Shakespeare's plays are produced constantly and in all their variety under conditions which are directly antithetical to those prevailing in the West-end theatres of London. Twenty-eight of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays figure in the répertoires of the most respected companies of German-speaking actors. A few years ago I was in the Burg-Theatre in Vienna on a Sunday night—the night on which the great working population of Vienna chiefly take their amusement, as in this country it is chiefly taken by the great working population on Saturday night. The Burg-Theatre in Vienna is one of the largest theatres in the world. It resembles Drury Lane Theatre or Covent Garden Opera-house. On the occasion of my visit the play produced was Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." The house was crowded in every part. The scenic arrangements were simple and unobtrusive, but were well calculated to suggest the Oriental atmosphere of the plot. There was no music before the performance, or during the intervals between the acts, or as an accompaniment to great speeches in the progress of the play. There was no making love nor any dying to slow music, although the stage directions were followed scrupulously, and the song "Come, thou Monarch of the Wild," was sung to music in the drinking scene on board Pompey's galley, and there were the appointed flourishes of trumpets and drums. The acting was competent, though not of the highest calibre. The character in the cast of

whom I have the most distinct recollection was Enobarbus, the level-headed and straight-hitting critic of the action—a comparatively subordinate part, which was filled by one of the most distinguished actors of the Viennese stage. He fitted his part with telling accuracy. The whole piece was listened to with breathless interest, and, although the performance lasted nearly five hours, no sign of impatience manifested itself at any point. This was no exceptional experience at the Burg-Theatre. Plays of Shakespeare are acted there repeatedly—on an average of twice a week—and, I am credibly informed, with identical results to those of which I was an eyewitness.

It cannot be flattering to our self-esteem that the Austrian people should show a greater and a wiser appreciation of the theatrical capacities of Shakespeare's masterpieces than we who are Shakespeare's countrymen, and the most direct and rightful heirs of his glorious achievements. How is the disturbing fact to be accounted for? Is it possible that it is attributable to some decay in us of the imagination—to a growing slowness on our part to appreciate works of imagination? When one reflects on the simple mechanical contrivances which satisfied the theatrical audiences not only of Shakespeare's own day, but of the last century, during which Shakespeare was repeatedly performed, when one compares the simplicity of scenic mechanism in the past with its complexity at the moment, one is brought to the conclusion that the imagination of the theatre-going public is in our own time not what it was of old. The play alone was then "the thing;" now "the thing," it seems, is something outside the play—namely, the painted scene and the costume. Garrick played Macbeth in an ordinary Court suit of his own era. The habiliments

proper to Celtic monarchs of the eleventh century were left to be supplied by the imagination of the spectators, and, although no realistic "effects" helped the play forward, the attention of the audience was never known to stray. In Shakespeare's time, boys took the part of women, and how characters like Lady Macbeth and Desdemona were adequately rendered by beardless youths beggars belief. But the fact that renderings under such conditions proved popular and satisfactory seems convincing testimony, not to the ability of the boys—the nature of boys is a pretty permanent factor in human society—but to the superior imaginative faculty of adult playgoers in whom, as in Garrick's day, the needful dramatic illusion was far more easily evoked than it is evoked nowadays.

This is not an exhilarating conclusion. But less exhilarating is the endeavor that has recently been made by a theatrical manager and actor to prove that Shakespeare himself would have appreciated the modern developments of the scenic art. His line of argument suggests that the lack of imagination of which I have been speaking is as marked on the actor's side of the footlights as on the spectator's. The well-known chorus before the first act of "Henry V" is quoted by the modern actor and manager as evidence that Shakespeare wished his plays to be, in journalistic dialect, "magnificently staged." The familiar lines run:—

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling
scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like
himself,
Assume the part of Mars; and at his
heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine,
sword and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon,
gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have
dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring
forth
So great an object: can this cockpit
hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we
cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great ac-
count,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these
walls
Are now confined two mighty mon-
archies,
Whose high upreared and abutting
fronts,
The perilous narrow ocean parts
asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your
thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that
you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the re-
ceiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must
deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping
o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many
years
Into an hour glass.

There is, in my opinion, no strict relevance in these lines to the question at issue whether Shakespeare's work should be treated on the stage as drama or spectacle, but, as far as it indirectly touches the question, it tells peremptorily against the pretensions of spectacle. Shakespeare, in this splendid prelude to his play of "Henry V," appeals to his audience to bring to the observation of his play their highest powers of imagination, so that full justice may be done to a mighty theme. The topic is not the contemporary defects of scenic appliances, but the es-

sential limits and defects of all scenic and dramatic representation. The dramatist reminds us that it is not life itself in all its movements and action that can be represented on the stage, especially life's movement and action in their most glorious manifestations. The obvious conditions of space do not allow "two mighty monarchies" literally to be confined within the walls of a theatre. The obvious conditions of time cannot turn "the accomplishments of many years into an hour-glass." Those who read into these words any regret on Shakespeare's part that his plays were in his own day inadequately upholstered in the theatre, or would have us believe that modern upholstery and spectacular machinery do them the justice that was denied to them in his lifetime, assume the hopeless position of affirming that the theatre has now conquered all ordinary conditions of time and space, that a modern playhouse can actually hold the "vasty fields of France," and that within its walls "two mighty monarchies" can, if the manager so will it, actually be confined. We know this to be impossible. Shakespeare, in the majesty of his eloquence, bids us bear in mind that the dramatist's words can do no more than suggest the things he would have the audience see and understand; the actors aid the suggestion according to their ability. But Shakespeare finally admonishes us that the illusion of the drama can only be complete in the theatre by the working of the "imaginary forces" of the spectators. It is needful for them to "make imaginary puissance." It is their "thoughts" that "must deck" the kings of the stage. The poet modestly underestimated the supreme force of his own imagination when giving these warnings to his hearers. But they are warnings of universal application. Such a prelude as the chorus before "Henry V" would be

pertinent to every stage performance of any stage or country, whether the spectacular machinery were of royal magnificence or of poverty-stricken squalor.

If all the artistic genius in the world and all the treasure in the Bank of England were placed at the command of the theatrical manager, in order to enable him to produce a play on his stage worthily from his own scenic point of view, it would not even then be either superfluous or impertinent for the actor to adjure the audience to piece out his own "imperfections" and the "imperfections" of the scenery with their "thoughts" or imagination.

The only conditions under which Shakespeare's adjuration would be superfluous or impertinent would be in the presentment in the theatre of some circumscribed incident in life capable of so literal a rendering as to leave no room for any make-believe or illusion at all. The wholly unintellectual playgoer, to whom Shakespeare will never really prove attractive in any guise, has little or no imagination to exercise, and he enjoys a performance in the theatre when little or no demand is made on the exercise of that faculty. The groundlings, said Shakespeare, "are capable of [appreciating] nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise." They would be hugely delighted nowadays with a scene in which two real omnibuses or trams, with live horses and genuine officials and passengers, raced uproariously across the stage. That is realism in its nakedness; that is realism reduced to its first principles; and, however speciously beautiful realistic "effects" may become, they will always tend, if

the predilections of the groundlings sway theatrical policy, to realism of the primal type.

The deliberate seeking after realism is thus antagonistic to the ultimate law of dramatic art. In the case of great plays the dramatic representation is most successful from the genuinely-artistic point of view—which is the only point of view worthy of discussion—when the true dramatic illusion is produced by simple and unpretending scenic appliances, in which the inevitable "imperfections" are supplied by the "thoughts" or imagination of the spectators.

Lovers of Shakespeare should lose no opportunity of urging the cause of simplicity in the production of the plays of Shakespeare. Practical common sense, practical considerations of a pecuniary kind, teach us that it is only by the adoption of simple methods of production that we can hope to have Shakespeare represented in our theatres constantly and in all his variety. Until Shakespeare is represented constantly and in his variety, the spiritual and intellectual enlightenment that his achievement offers to Englishmen will remain wholly inaccessible to the majority who do not read him, and will be only in part at the command of the few who do. Nay, more: until Shakespeare is represented on the stage constantly and in his variety, Englishmen are liable to the imputation not merely of failing in the homage due to the greatest of their countrymen, but of falling short of their neighbors in Germany and Austria in the capacity of appreciating supremely great imaginative literature.

Sidney Lee.

ELIZABETHAN LONDON.*

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

London is not a good field for the exercise of historical imagination. It has grown so rapidly in modern times that its ancient features are obliterated. There is no place from which it is possible to obtain a view of London which enables you to reproduce to your own mind its past appearance. Any one who has gazed on Rome from the Pincian Hill, or has looked down on Florence from the height of San Miniato, will understand how London is destitute of an imperishable charm which belongs to places whose distinctive characters cannot be affected greatly by the results of man's activity. More than this, the most ancient parts of London are still the scenes of its most abundant life, and leave little opportunity for archæological exploration. You can only meditate at your leisure on the dome of St. Paul's or on the top of the Monument; and it is more than doubtful if the condition of the atmosphere will allow you to find much external help for your meditations. They have to be founded on your own previous knowledge rather than inspired by any suggestions from the place itself.

My object is to try and form some imperfect picture of London as it was at the period when modern England first came into conscious being "in the spacious days of great Elizabeth." It was a time when the old historic capital of England still retained its ancient features, and had carried them as far as they would go. The next century saw the beginning of that process of expansion, the end of which no one can forecast.

Now, the distinctive feature of the site of London was that the original site lay on the lowest of a series of hills rolling down from the north to the banks of the Thames, while round it lay a region of marshes or lagoons, extending to the hills of Surrey. The estuary of the river Lea covered the Isle of Dogs. South London was a series of little islands. Westminster with difficulty emerged from the marshes. Pimlico and Fulham were swamps. London was built on two little hills, bounded on the west by the Hole Bourne or Fleet River, and divided from one another by the Wall Brook. I need not call your attention to the entire disappearance of these natural features. The Holborn Viaduct is the only thing that can remind you of the existence of a river valley. The parks contain the sole remaining grounds that give you any conception of the country on which London was built. So skilful has been the work of the engineer that some one remarked to me that he only learned that London was not quite level when he began to bicycle in its streets.

We must think, then, of the life of Elizabethan London as mostly lived within the limits of the old City walls. Its suburban district may be briefly described. East of the Tower was St. Katharine's Hospital, a college for charitable purposes, founded by Matilda, wife of King Stephen, and still belonging to the Queen of England—being, I think, her only possession. It is now removed to Regent's Park, but has left its name in St. Katharine's Docks. Beyond this a street of poor houses reached to Wapping, and was

*A lecture delivered at the Queen's Hall at a meeting of the London Reform Union.

Inhabited by watermen and fishermen. North of that, a few houses had gathered round the White Chapel, erected on the high road that led to the Old gate which we know as Aldgate. From Aldgate, outside the wall, ran Houndsditch, and the name still suggests an unsavory memory of dead dogs which there accumulated. North of it lay Spitalfields, an open space around the dissolved Hospital of St. Mary, described as "a pleasant place for the citizens to walk in, and for housewives to whiten their clothes." Beside it was the Artillery Ground, reserved for military training. Moor Fields had just been drained, and formed another open space. But I can best describe to you North London, by telling you that I heard a year ago of an old lady who was still alive at the age of a hundred and five, and remembered in her childhood that she went with her nurse to see the cows milked at a farm where now is Finsbury Square, and then walked through cornfields to the quiet village of Islington. Beyond Gray's Inn the open high road went through the country to Hampstead. North of Lincoln's Inn Fields a row of houses extended to the church of St. Giles, which, with its neighbor St. Martin's, still bears the title of "In the fields," to indicate that with them for a long period habitation ceased. St. James's Palace stood in its park, well stocked with deer. Westminster was merely the purlieus of the royal Palace of Whitehall, the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, which was the seat of Parliament and of the law courts. South London was represented by the little borough of Southwark, which was incorporated with the city of London in the reign of Edward VI. Its western promenade was open to the river, and was called Bankside. It was a natural centre of amusement to the citizens of London, and the Globe

Theatre on the Bankside is famous through its connection with Shakespeare.

Such, then, are roughly the boundaries of the district which your imagination has to recreate. It was a place from which it was easy to take a country walk through a lovely series of undulating hills, showing the glories of the city which lay stretched along the river below. There might sometimes be fogs to impede the view, but there was not much smoke, as the fuel used in the houses was mostly wood. The introduction of coal was forbidden as early as the reign of Edward I, "to avoid the sulphurous smell and savor of that firing." It was not till a little later that the increase of manufactures and the diminution of forests compelled the common use of coal.

Small as we may think Elizabethan London to be, its increase was viewed with apprehension, partly on sanitary and partly on political grounds. Royal proclamations were frequently issued forbidding new buildings. At the close of her reign Elizabeth ordered "the pulling down of late builded houses, and voyding of inmates in the cities of London and Westminster, and for the space of three miles distant of both cities." We are not surprised to find that in spite of royal proclamations and Acts of Parliament "little was done, and these cities are still increased in buildings of cottages and pestered with inmates." Alas! human affairs will never accommodate themselves to the convenience of organization, and organization is sorely pressed to cope with problems which it is perpetually trying to avert. Economic forces were at work which compelled the increase of London, though their full influence was only slowly felt. The troubles in the Netherlands caused a great transference of industry to England. This establishment of new industries quickly reacted on those

which already existed. There was a very rapid heightening of the standard of comfort, which created much inventiveness. When once the manufacturing impulse was given to Englishmen, they began to compete with the foreign market. I need only instance a manufactory of Venetian glass which was set up in Crutched Friars. As trade increased, the advantages of London over other ports became more apparent. The Court was now permanently fixed in London, and was an abiding attraction for those bent alike on business and on pleasure. There is a very modern tone about the following: "The gentlemen of all shires do flee and flock to this city; the younger sorte of them to see and shew vanity, and the elder to save the cost and charge of hospitalitie and house keeping."

We may reckon Elizabethan London to have contained, at the end of the Queen's reign, a population of about 250,000. Its wealth had steadily grown, and its merchants had largely prospered. London had good cause to be loyal to Elizabeth, and her constant care of the interests of commerce is one explanation of her tortuous policy. She knew that war on a great scale meant a check to industrial enterprise, whereas grave misunderstandings with foreign powers were a useful means of developing it.

But we must return to London itself, and the life of its two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The most striking difference from our own time was that villadom was unknown. The merchant lived over his place of business; the apprentices were lodged on part of the same premises. There was no great division of quarters. Noblemen, gentry, professional men, and men of business all lived in the same street, and shared a common life. The streets were not very wide, nor very commodious for traffic. The most im-

portant of them was Cheapside, renowned as "the beauty of London." It was broad enough to form a promenade, and was the fashionable resort. You must think of it as lined with shops which projected into the street and were open in front. Above them rose houses, built in the manner which we usually call Elizabethan, of timber and plaster. They were three or, at the most, four stories high, and each story projected over the lower one. This mode of building was dangerous, as it was too clearly proved later, in case of fire; and proclamations were constantly made commanding that the fronts should be built of brick; but these wise counsels were of no avail.

In a street of some width the effect was doubtless picturesque. But most of the streets were narrow lanes, and the projecting buildings from each side almost met at their top stories, making the street itself gloomy and airless. Add to this that, in a time when reading was an accomplishment, a shop could not indicate its nature or its owner's name by printing it in the unobtrusive manner which now prevails. It hung out a huge signboard bearing a suitable emblem, a structure which had to be supported by stout iron fastenings. I do not think that a walk in the average street can have afforded a very exhilarating view.

The streets were badly paved, and the middle of them was little better than an open sewer. The dirt and refuse from the houses were thrown out into the street, and this was one reason for the projection of the upper stories. The pavement was raised at the two sides, so as to make it possible to walk clear of too much mud. We have the trace of this state of things in a courteous habit, which, I fear, is now becoming old-fashioned, of always allowing a lady to walk next the wall. It was a matter of much consequence, in days when apparel

was more splendid than it is now, to have the advantage of being exempted from stepping into the mire. Hence came a strict observance of precedence in giving the wall. The nature of a man's dress indicated his quality, and his quality had to be respected to preserve his clothes.

Riding was the only alternative to walking at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and a lady never rode without six or seven serving-men to carry attire suitable to all contingencies, and the means to repair a toilette which might suffer on the journey. To diminish this cost coaches came into use. They were introduced in 1564 by a Dutch coachman of the Queen; but we are told "a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both man and horse into amazement; some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the cannibals worshipped the devil." But, at length, these doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade. So rapid was the increase of coaches that, in 1601, an Act of Parliament was passed "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches within this realm." In spite of this innovation, no method could be devised which made locomotion pleasant through streets which were alternately torrents of dirt finding their way to Fleet ditch, and thick, black mud, which furnished a ready weapon to any one who wished to express disapprobation. It is difficult for us to picture London without either cabs or omnibuses.

The natural result of this state of things was that the Thames was the silent highway of London. One bridge only spanned it, and led to Southwark. Of this structure London was justly proud. It was sixty feet high, and thirty broad. It was built on twenty arches, which were twenty feet dis-

tant from one another. The bridge was a continual street, covered with houses on both sides, and consequently was so narrow that carts could scarcely pass one another. We may judge of the use made of the Thames as a thoroughfare by the fact that two thousand wherries, plied by three thousand watermen, were in constant employment for purposes of transit. Barges carried passengers and brought provisions from all the home counties. The Thames was the real railway, as well as the main street, of London. It was full of fish, and was peopled by swans; so that it was a great source of food supply. It was computed that 40,000 of the population of London gained their livelihood on the river in connection with the work of transport and of fishing.

It was from the Thames that London could be seen to advantage. Westward there were no bridges to intercept the view, no streets and no embankment. The river flowed between its natural banks, from which flights of stairs led up at the chief landing-places. The Abbey and Palace of Westminster stood out against the sky, and Lambeth Palace opposite rose in solitary grandeur beside the marsh. Then came the Palaces of Whitehall and the Savoy; then Somerset House, Leicester House, and other dwellings of the nobility, with their gardens extending to the river, and water-gates for easy access to the boats. The temple was also open, and the adjoining houses of White Friars and Black Friars, though no longer in the hands of the religious, still wore something of their old aspect. Between them and London Bridge were wharves for merchandise. Over all towered the Gothic structure of St. Paul's Cathedral, a building rather longer than that which the genius of Wren erected upon its site. Round it the towers and spires of some hundred and twenty churches

rose in testimony to the devotion of the people. Beyond the Bridge were the Custom House, the Tower, and St. Katharine's Hospital. On the Southwark side the beautiful church of St. Mary Overies (now known as St. Saviour's) rose beside Winchester House, the town house of the Bishop of Winchester. Along the Bankside were bear-gardens, theatres, and places of amusement.

Thus the Thames was always full of life and bustle, to which must be added also of splendor. For the barges of great nobles were magnificent, with rowers and attendants wearing blue liveries, with silver badges on their arms. Our ancestors loved pomp and state, and we are beginning to recognize that the dignity of public life needs adequate expression to the eyes of the people. The Lord Mayor's show is a survival of the life of those times, very little altered. In Elizabeth's time the Lord Mayor was rowed in his barge to Westminster to take the customary oath of office, accompanied by the barges of all the City's Companies. On his return he went in procession from Paul's Wharf through Cheapside to the Guildhall. It cannot be said that civic hospitality has been able to increase in proportion to the growth of population, for in 1575 we are told that the Mayor and Sheriffs entertained a thousand persons who had accompanied them in their progress.

Let me turn to some details of municipal life. The water supply of London was of two kinds. Some houses were supplied from the Thames. Near the Bridge were erected water-wheels which were moved by the tide, so that they raised water "by pipes and conduits so high that it serveth such citizens' houses in all parts of London as will bestow charge towards the conducting thereof." This water can only have been used for the purposes of washing, not for drinking or cooking.

A foreign traveller complains that the water was noisome, so that after washing it was necessary to put some perfume on the towel and on the hands to be rid of the foul smell. The more common source of water supply were conduits, erected in the streets, which were fed by water collected in the northern hills. A trace of these still survives in Lamb's Conduit Street, built on the fields where a worthy citizen, William Lamb, in 1577, constructed a reservoir to supply Holborn conduit, which stood on Snow Hill. The conduits themselves were stone cisterns whence water was drawn by a cock and was carried to the various houses. This was done by a body of water-carriers who formed an unruly class of the population. Once a year these conduits were visited by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen on horseback. In 1562 we find that the merry company in the discharge of this duty hunted the hare before dining at the conduit head, and after dinner raised a fox, which they killed at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. In the reign of James I the water supply of London was already a difficulty, as the population had definitely begun to increase. It has remained a difficulty ever since.

The subject of the lighting of London may rapidly be dismissed. There was none provided by public authority. Any one who wished to go out of doors after dark was attended by his own servants carrying torches or lanterns, and armed with clubs and daggers. The streets were unsafe, as they were infested by thieves and vagabonds of every kind. They were guarded by a watch, and London possessed two hundred and forty constables who relieved one another. Shakespeare's representation of Dogberry and Verges is, perhaps, a satire on the watchmen; but they were not an efficient body, were easily susceptible of bribes, were not

properly overlooked, and were not supported, even if they wished to be zealous, by the justices of the peace. A sober-minded man found it wisest to stay indoors after nightfall.

As regards the average houses in London, they were built without foundations, and were cold and damp. The first sign of growing prosperity and the consequent desire for greater comfort was a rapid increase in chimneys, and the provision of fireplaces. The rooms were low and ill-lighted, notwithstanding the fact that glass now replaced horn or lattice-work in the windows. An Italian visitor exclaims: "O wretched windows, which cannot open by day, nor shut by night!" The staircases were dark and narrow, the apartments "sorry and ill-connected." The ceilings were of plaster, often with a very beautiful design moulded upon it. The walls were either wainscoted, or, more commonly, were left rough and masked with "tapestry, arras, or painted cloth," which was hung a little distance from the wall to avoid the damp, and so formed a convenient hiding-place in case of necessity, and was always a receptacle for dust and dirt. The floors were strewn with sand, or, more generally, with rushes. Unless these were frequently removed they became another harbor for dirt, especially in the dining-room, where bones were thrown to the dogs beneath the table. There was no regard for what we consider sanitary precautions; and it is no wonder that the plague in some form or other was endemic. Sensitive persons carried with them something fragrant which they might smell when their noses were too powerfully attacked by unpleasant odors.

The great glory of London was St. Paul's Cathedral, designed on a scale worthy of the dignity of the city, being 690 feet long by 130 broad. I will not attempt to describe it to you, as

that would be tedious. It is enough to say that it was adorned with tombs and monuments which gave an epitome of civic life. As only the choir was used for divine service, the nave had become, in a manner which seems strange to our ideas, a place of fashionable resort, and was known as "Paul's Walk." There, from ten to twelve in the morning, and from three to six in the afternoon, men met and chatted on business or on pleasure. Young fops came to study the fashions, masters came to engage servants; "I bought him," says Falstaff of Bardolph, "at Paul's." Gallants made appointments with their tailor and selected the color and cut of their new suit. Grave elders discussed the political news. Debtors took sanctuary in certain parts and jested at their creditors to their face. Any one who especially wished to attract attention went up in the choir during service, wearing spurs. This was punishable with a fine, which the choir boys hastened to exact. All eyes were fixed upon the beau as, in a studiously negligent attitude, he drew out his purse and tossed the money into the boy's hand. Outside, St. Paul's Churchyard was mainly occupied by booksellers, whose shops were places of resort to those who cared to look at and discuss new literature.

A different place of resort was the Royal Exchange, built by Sir Thomas Gresham and opened by Elizabeth, who gave it its name. Gresham was a merchant who had helped the Queen by negotiating loans in Antwerp on terms beneficial both to himself and to the royal finances. I rather incline to think that his great fortune was largely due to a system of illicit commissions, which were even more frequent then than they are now. But Gresham's residence in the Low Countries led him to see that commercial life was there conducted more comfortably

than in England. There was no meeting-place for London merchants. They transacted their business in the street or in St. Paul's, when their friends did not find them in their office. Gresham erected a building on the same plan as he had seen in the Netherlands—an open colonnade with shops around it, and a central hall. But though Gresham presented the Exchange to the city, he meant to reimburse himself by the rents of the shops. In this he had not reckoned on the conservative habits of English traders, and found that his shops remained untenanted. Nothing daunted, he devised a plan for leading men into new ways. He arranged for a royal opening, and then accosted the chief shop-keepers, pointing out to them that the place looked bare and all unfit for the Queen's eye; he asked them, as a favor, to put a few of their wares in the empty windows. When the ceremony was over he remarked that it was a pity to take the things away at once; they were at liberty to keep them there for a time. His scheme succeeded; he established shops of his own selection, and the neighborhood soon became fashionable. In a year's time he demanded a substantial rent, and soon afterwards, when the shops were well frequented, required that each shopkeeper should also hire a vault at the same rental. I tell you this that you may not think that our mercantile shrewdness is entirely of modern growth. As a matter of fact, when we look below the surface, we see that the days of Elizabeth were the days of hard-headed men. The religious and social changes which the country had passed through necessarily produced restlessness and disquiet. The old thrifty habits passed away, and there was a new spirit of ambition and adventure. Everywhere the wise were taking advantage of the foolish, the strong of the weak. Amongst the nobles new families were

quietly adding manor to manor, by marriages, by encouraging spendthrift habits in a neighbor whom they meant to pillage, by lawsuits in which they took care to win. The merchants, likewise, knew how to put out their money on good security; even tavern-keepers were usurers for young men with expectations who came to London to enjoy themselves for a few months. It was all done quietly and decorously; but lands and money changed hands rapidly, and a process of natural selection was going on with merciless severity.

This is wandering from my subject, but it explains in many ways the development of London's trade. Abroad the English were taking advantage of their less fortunate neighbors and rivals in commerce. At home London was growing wealthy from the folly of adventurous country gentlemen, who were encouraged to ruin themselves and say nothing about it.

One sign of this restlessness was the extraordinary vogue of shows containing monstrosities or prodigies. A dancing horse, trained by a Scot named Banks, was long one of the great sights of London, and was celebrated by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Bulls with five legs or two tails, hares that could play the drum, tight-rope dancing,

a strange outlandish fowl,
A quaint baboon, an ape, an owl,

were objects of universal interest. Those who would "not give a dolt to relieve a lame beggar would lay out ten to see a dead Indian." With this was combined a delight in savage pastimes, bull-baiting and bear-baiting. The bulls or bears were fastened to a chain and worried by bulldogs, which were often killed. Still more brutal was the whipping of a blinded bear, which strove to seize its persecutors. To the same love of excitement and distaste

for honest work is due the great amount of gambling which prevailed in every class of society.

This unwholesome state of feeling afforded ample opportunity to adventurers. The ruffian.

Full of strange oaths and bearded like
a pard,

swaggered at the taverns and fed the credulity of his hearers with travellers' tales:

When we were boys
Who would believe that there were
mountaineers
Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats
had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were
such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?
which now we find
Each putter out on five for one will
bring us
Good warrant of.

"Each putter out on five for one" is a phrase which illustrates the gambling spirit which was rife. Ben Jonson sets forth the traveller's scheme: "I am determined to put forth some five thousand pounds, to be paid to me five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry on the way, 'tis gone; if we be successful, why, there will be five and twenty thousand pounds to entertain time withal." You will see that commercial speculation is no novelty.

Such a spirit of adventure and speculation craved for notoriety, and consequently created an informal society which had its seat in places of public resort. The life of the tavern became varied and animated, and we can appreciate its extent and influence, as well as its attractiveness, in the case of Falstaff. We know the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, near London Stone, and

the Mermaid in Cornhill from the dramatists; and there were a host of others. There adventurers could float themselves without credentials, and sharpers could secure their victims. There, travellers, soldiers and seamen could relate their wondrous adventures. There men of every class could mix and interchange opinions. "A tavern," says a contemporary, "is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. . . . It is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's curtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book." It has always seemed to me that the wide knowledge and accuracy of detail shown by Shakespeare are not so much due to study on his part as to his imaginative insight into his subject, which enabled him to secure readily from the expert, whom he met in the tavern, just so much information as he needed to give proper local color to his outlined picture.

Such tendencies towards an adventurous life could not be confined to particular classes of society. They were general, and produced a large crop of rogues, vagabonds, thieves, and beggars who infested London. The Elizabethan Poor Law is due to the necessity of differentiating these from the deserving poor. It had not much success in stopping their number, nor were the severe penalties inflicted upon them more successful. "The rude, vast place of Smithfield" afforded space for harboring them, and bore the name of Ruffians' Hall. The House of Correction at Bridewell was too small to contain the number of criminals. More than three hundred were hanged every year, but their fate struck no terror into their companions,

Students of social questions, who existed then as they do now, classified these imposters, and recorded fourteen well-marked types of male villains, and nine of female. There were schools where they were taught their trade on scientific principles. All these things were made known, but to little purpose. For then, as now, every Englishman believed in his own capacity to detect an imposter for himself, and paid little heed to the warning of the expert.

In truth, London was full of signs of judicial severity and precautions against riot. "There are pillories for the neck and hands," says a foreigner, "stocks for the feet, and chains for the streets themselves to stop them in case of need. In the suburbs are oak cages for nocturnal offenders." He saw a lad of fifteen led to execution for stealing a bag of currants, his first offence. There were gibbets along all the roads outside the gates. Nor was it only the poor malefactor who paid the penalty of detected crime. The headsman's axe was busy on Tower Hill, and the great were taught to walk warily in perilous times. The heads of traitors were impaled on London Bridge, and the first sign of growing humanity was their removal to the Southwark Gate.

A somewhat turbulent part of the community consisted of the London apprentices, who were at once recognizable in the streets. They wore blue cloaks, breeches and stockings of white broadcloth, with the stockings sewn on so that they were all one piece; they wore flat caps on their heads. They stood against the open fronts of the shops to guard their masters' wares, bareheaded, with their caps in their hands, "leaning against the wall like idols," says a French visitor. They were always ready for any mischief, and foreigners complained of their rudeness. They expressed only too

clearly the prevailing sentiment about foreign affairs, and even the ambassadors of unpopular countries suffered at their hands. The mud of the street supplied a ready weapon. Festival days tended to become their Saturnalia, and sometimes they executed wild justice of their own. They wrecked taverns which they thought were ill-conducted, and spoiled a playhouse of which they did not approve. We even find that "they despitefully used the sheriffs of London and the constables and justices of Middlesex." It is not surprising that James I addressed the Lord Mayor:

"You will see to two things—that is to say, to the great devils and the little devils. By the great ones I mean the wagons, which, when they meet the coaches of the gentry, refuse to give way and yield, as due. The little devils are the apprentices, who, on two days of the year, which prove fatal to them—Shrove Tuesday and the first of May—are so riotous and outrageous that, in a body three or four score thousand strong, they go committing excesses in every direction, killing human beings and demolishing houses."

As regards apprentices, however, we find an economic cause coming into operation which slowly wrought a change. The increasing importance of commercial life was altering their position. Whereas ten pounds had been a sufficient premium for an apprentice, the payment steadily rose to twenty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred pounds. This meant that the boys came from a higher class of society, and ceased to be partly menials who carried water and performed domestic duties.

I have been endeavoring in a fragmentary and imperfect way to bring together a few illustrations of matters which either then or now had some relation to the problems connected with

the government of London, or with the economic laws which affected it. I have not tried to point any definite moral, but I would leave it to yourselves to judge what progress we have made, and how we have made it. Many questions have solved themselves quietly without any direct intervention. Of others the solution has made itself so obvious that there was no doubt about it. High-handed interference, however wise and foreseeing, has mostly been productive of evil. It is even possible to assert that the greatest boon to London was the Great Fire. But on such a point, or indeed on any point, I do not wish to dogmatize.

There is one matter, however, to which, in conclusion, I would call your attention. We ask ourselves, What sort of men were our forefathers? The question is worth trying to answer, and can best be answered by discovering the impression which they produced on men of other nations. I will collect some opinions on that point.

In 1497 a Venetian writes: "They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island but to make themselves masters of it, and to usurp their goods." A Roman, in 1548, writes: "The English are destitute of good-breeding, and are despisers of foreigners, since they consider him but half a man who may be born elsewhere than in Britain." Ten years later a Frenchman testifies: "This people are proud and seditious, with bad consciences, and faithless to their word; they hate all sorts of foreigners. There is no kind of order; the people are reprobates and thorough enemies to good manners and letters." In 1592 a German from Württemberg says: "They are extremely proud and overbearing; and because the great part, especially the tradespeople, seldom go into other countries, but always remain in the city attending to

their business, they care little for foreigners, but scoff and laugh at them." A Hollander bears record: "They are bold, courageous, ardent and cruel in war, fiery in attack, and having little fear of death; they are not vindictive, but very inconstant, rash, vainglorious, light and deceiving, and very suspicious of foreigners, whom they despise. They are not so laborious as the Netherlands or the French, as they lead for the most part an indolent life." Another German from Brandenburg says: "They are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous, and thievish; they are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery. If they see a foreigner well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, 'It is a pity he is not an Englishman.'"

I will not go on multiplying quotations. Those which I have given show a remarkable consensus of opinion. They come from different sources, and in an age when newspapers were unknown they are independent testimonies. Perhaps we might be tempted to put them aside as prejudiced; but I hesitate to do so, because there is an agreement on a point which we would not readily surrender. All foreign observers are at one in the opinion that the English women were the most beautiful in the world. We must admit that this proves their power of discernment.

I am afraid that these testimonies show that, however much we may have improved in other things, we have not yet been successful in impressing on other countries a due appreciation of those excellent qualities which we are profoundly conscious that we possess. We have not amended our provoking insularity or our arrogant self-assertiveness—at all events, in the opinion of outside critics. The men of Elizabeth's time had very little ground for their belief that the world

was primarily intended for the use of Englishmen. Perhaps for that reason, they judged that it was true kindness to others to make that fact generally known. But I would point out that the unpopularity which we undoubtedly enjoy is of long standing, and arose from the first expression given to the peculiarly English temper. I will only

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leave with you, as a subject deserving consideration, whether or no the advantages of the temper itself may not be retained with certain modifications in the form of its expression, which the experience of three centuries might allow us to make without any loss of the sense of national dignity.

THE INTELLECTUAL FUTURE OF JAPAN.

In the life of the human individual there is a hobbledehoy period, a time when he hovers indecisive on the frontier between boyhood and maturity. It is a period distinguished by "leggi-ness" of body, awkwardness of manner, eruptiveness of countenance. The voice varies from a squeaky treble to an unearthly bass, just as the youth himself alternates between painful bashfulness and insufferable conceit; his every action is exaggerated; his politeness is too profound, as his insolence is too marked; he likes and dislikes with excessive vehemence; in short, is far too sincere a person to be agreeable company. There may be good material in the lad; a few years more and he will be *un homme fait*, a suave and dignified man of the world, able to play any part demanded of him with the same easy grace and polished hypocrisy. But for the present he is a hobbledehoy.

As with men, so with nations. Several of the world's most prominent Powers are hobbledehoyes of the most pronounced description. Russia is one, the Great American Republic (low be it whispered) is assuredly another, and Japan, we must fain confess, is a third. For though Japan is not in one sense a young nation, she is what is almost

the same thing, a rejuvenated and regenerated one. It was a literal new birth that she went through thirty years ago, and today, though some of the blue mould of immemorial antiquity still clings to her, her prevailing characteristics are those of the sturdy but awkward hobbledehoy. Like Russia and America, she is keenly and painfully sensitive to criticism, even when it is of the most unintelligent kind. She is too much elated by success, too much depressed by reverses. Now she has taken her seat at the great world-gamingtable of international politics, she shows too much pleasure when the roll of the ball brings her luck, and too much chagrin when the croupier sweeps off her stake; the "grand manner," the calm front shown towards all kinds of fortune, good or bad, is not yet hers. Constrained to follow the footsteps of European mentors, she yet strives after independence of action; she wants to show the world and herself that she is no mere copyist. But she takes each step indecisively, for her convictions are not yet formed. Sometimes she acts with timorous caution; anon she is prompt to the verge of indiscretion. Just as Young Hopeful, at his first dinner party, believes and acts as if

the whole world is considering the cut of his coat, so the renovated Japan for the present gives a sense of *malaise*, of gawkiness, of *gaucherie*. Her conceit may, as some genial critics allege, be enormous, but her self-confidence still needs development. Japan's sudden likes and dislikes, and her occasional tendency to follow the *bushido* in politics, are also sure signs of hobbledehoyhood, for hobbledehoyhood acts largely on sentiment and prejudice, while finished manhood considers chiefly self-interest. At eighteen one cannot even be civil to a man one hates; at thirty one would not mind dining with Lucifer himself, provided he had a French cook and the Order of the Garter.

Yes, Japan is decidedly a hobbledehoy. She has spent an industrious school time, and has learned much, though she has not digested it all. But her real life work is still to come; hitherto she has only been educating herself for the battle. The question we propose to consider is what we may expect of her when she has attained her maturity as a modern nation? What are her special talents, and for what kind of career do they best fit her?

Prophecy in such matters is usually dangerous, but in the case of Japan we have unique data on which to base our expectations. Japan is not a young nation in the same sense that England was a young nation in the time of Alfred or even of Edward I. Her national life, it is true, though many centuries old, was lived within narrow lines, and circumscribed alike by physical and moral limitations of the most rigid kind. But it was nevertheless sufficiently expanded and sufficiently enlightened to allow of some fair opinion being formed as to what degree of development the nation might have reached under more fortunate circumstances—what her men of

genius might have achieved in the field of thought and speculation had they not been confined and warped and restrained by the constriction of a narrow insular standard of taste and by the still tighter meshes of Chinese formalism. Japan's misfortune—for we do esteem it a misfortune—was that she had as founts of inspiration not Athens and Rome, but Söul and Nankin; that she was inheritor of the barren aridity of Confucius and Mencius rather than of the great heirlooms which Greece gave, and died in giving, to the Western world.

What, so far as the beginning of her modern history, had Japan accomplished in the fields of science, of philosophy, of literature and art? Little enough, we must candidly confess. Her science was a medley of Chinese superstitious and Dutch empiricism, her philosophy a *pot pourri* of Confucian truisms. Her ancient literature, in comparison with that of even many Oriental countries, must be confessed trivial, lacking in genius, in originality and breadth. Her art, charming as it admittedly is, perfect within its limits, still lacks force, grandeur, many-sidedness. It has never ascended above the pretty, and has always missed the sublime. True, alike in Japanese literature and Japanese art, there are beauties many and striking. Both native and foreign critics yield to the poets of old Japan a grace, a daintiness, and a neatness of finish that is all their own. Their poems are exquisite pieces of verbal lacquer, of charming literary enamel. But can we compare them to the offspring of giants like Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe—even with smaller men like Racine or Victor Hugo? As well, we must own, could we challenge comparison between a Japanese shrine and the stately pile of St. Peter's, or match the sober good taste of a Japanese interior with the rich magnificence of Windsor

or Chatsworth. In the same way, much as we admire Japanese art, how can we fail to be aware of its limitations? A screen, a scroll, a lacquer cabinet, a tea cup, a carved knob of ivory—these the Japanese can do better than all the world. But who can imagine a Japanese old master producing a "Regulus Leaving Carthage," a Murillo portrait, a San Salvator landscape, or one of those glorious heads of Titian? No, the verdict, we think, of all who have kept their judgment unwarped must be that in the past Japan's achievements in the field of thought and of the fine arts have lain within narrow compass; that her intellect, though active, has been cramped within far from extensive frontiers; and that no claim can be established on her behalf for any bold and striking originality of thought.

Some portion of these limitations may be placed to the account of the very peculiar conditions under which this nation developed its old civilization—the permeation of its thought by Chinese ethics, Chinese literature, Chinese ideals of every kind; a whole world of "willow-pattern" conventions and formulæ. The weight of all that sterile culture may well have been sufficient to crush out much of the originality of the nation that adopted it. It is not at all surprising that the general current of Japanese ideas should have suffered from the mummifying influence of Chinese convention. But what is remarkable is that there were no minds sturdy enough to withstand the prevailing influence. In Europe it has been different. There, as here, there have been times when thought was fettered and imprisoned; when conventions in the arts and persecution in the churches sought to bring the human intellect into fixed grooves. But even in the most benighted ages the fear of the stake and the headsman's axe have proved pow-

erless to deter bold speculative spirits from rebelling against those fallacies which the orthodox attempted to thrust on the world. As religion had its Luther, so had science its Galileo, and unbelief its Voltaire. In times of the most complete intellectual slavery, there have been in Europe isolated cases of breadth of thought that can compare even with the enlightened sentiment of the present day. Between the spirit of Spinoza and the spirit of modern philosophy there is no very essential difference—insight, detachment, freedom from bias were as much the possession of that 17th century Jew as they are of a professor of the present day. Western art and literature have time and time again been petrified with the encrustations of formulism and artificiality; but at the darkest hour a revolution has always come to bring back a purer and more vigorous life. But in Japan we look in vain for these examples of intense originality, of intrepid and irresistible genius. In philosophy we have no Spinoza, no Bacon, no Locke; in science, there is no trace of a Newton or a Hunter; in art we have but Sesshû, and Shubuns, and Kanos; in literature the Gengi and its like and the fragile verselets of our poets are all we have to show against the gigantesque productions of the West—the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Hamlet*, *Paradise Lost*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and the *Divine Comedy*.

What are the deductions to be drawn? In what field, if any, is the entry of the Japanese brain into the world's intellectual arena likely to prove most fruitful of good? For what place in the battle of mind is this nation best fitted?

Clearly, as we have hinted above, it appears to us futile to hope, at any rate for many generations, for great works of the imagination, for striking products of an emancipated art, or for world-shaking scientific or philosophi-

cal thought. To our mind a Darwin is as improbable a Japanese product as a Rafael or Shakespeare. Bold speculative thought appears to be lacking amongst us at present. Our foremost savants and philosophers, even men like Dr. Kato and Mr. Fukuzawa, seem to want grip, vigour, and originality. Our tendency is to follow tamely the lines laid down by Occidentals, as we once did those prescribed by Chinese sages. We either accept entire systems without modification, or, aiming at originality, we roam from one authority to another, from St. Paul to Herbert Spencer, from Marcus Aurelius to Jerome K. Jerome, gathering unconsidered trifles by the way, and flattering ourselves that this is eclecticism of the best kind. It is one incidental consequence of this dependence on European initiative that educated Japan is at the height of its devotion to the Spencer-Darwin-Huxley theory of the Universe at the very moment when in Europe and America the numerous limitations of that theory are becoming more clearly recognized, and the scientist's intrusion into spheres that do not concern him is beginning to be resented. Strangely old-fashioned, indeed, the narrowly materialist views so often expressed among educated Japanese sound to the visitor newly arrived from the centres of European thought. It seems like going back twenty years. In the same manner that we in Japan have adopted the Parliamentary system just as Europe is beginning to lose faith in representative institutions, and is showing a disposition to put more and more power into the hands of the Cabinets, so our thinkers have unquestioningly accepted the whole consequences of the Spencerian philosophy at a time when in the West that philosophy is regarded as being by no means the last word on the subject.

To our mind it is rather in the direc-

tion of experimental science that the Japanese are likely to distinguish themselves. The average Japanese brain is acute, ingenious, and—most important—possessed of inexhaustible patience. Perhaps we owe some of this last quality to our countless generations of ideograph writing and our intense devotion to forms of art demanding the most minute attention to detail. At any rate, the result has been achieved, whatever the means, and, for docility and perseverance, there are no better students than the Japanese. Whether everything we study is of profit to us is another and a different question—much that figures in our curricula we venture to think useless lumber—but of the students' assiduity and powers of assimilation there can be no question. The chief drawback is a certain vagueness which appears to be a characteristic of our modes of thinking, and which betrays itself in the very language itself—in the absence of sharp distinctions of sex, member and person, in the peculiar methods of indicating time, in a score of other ways. The same defect—let it be understood that we are talking generalities, for there are of course thousands who do not come within the sweep of these assertions—is still more practically visible in the unpunctual and unbusinesslike ways so commonly prevailing. But all that is largely a matter of education. The study of mathematics and the exact sciences encourages precision of thought; almost all that appertains to modern and industrial life tends to the same result, and these combined influences are producing—in fact to a large extent have produced—a new type of Japanese mind. And it appears to us that from this new type some very great and very important results may be expected—results that will make the Western world grateful for the entry of Japan into the circle of

civilized Powers. Whether a Japanese scientist of the type of Lord Kelvin is a probability of the near future it would be difficult to say—a Japanese Newton, we must confess, is certainly not a prodigy we can expect for many generations—but a Japanese Edison, a Japanese Pasteur, a Japanese Herschell or Marconi, these we may reasonably expect in good time. Indeed we have made good beginnings already in the fields of invention and scientific inquiry. The recent work of Dr. Kitasato and Dr. Aoyama compares favorably with any contemporary effort in the same direction in Europe.

*The Orient.**

Our military experts show an intelligence and inventiveness that promise much. Our astronomers, our bacteriologists, our medical men show great enthusiasm and ability, and are daily winning recognition from the *savants* of the West. And if the present time, being but thirty years removed from feudalism, be only the day of small things, can we not reasonably entertain larger hopes for what is to come? Is it not a fair inference that this country's highest future in the intellectual field lies in the province we have first indicated?

THE MASTER AND THE BEES.

I.

It was an old-fashioned, high-walled garden, in which grew all sorts of sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers—mignonette, stocks, and lad's-love predominating. At the far end were several beehives, whose inhabitants had chosen the most inconvenient time of the whole day—11.30 A. M.—for their owner to swarm. They heeded nothing that he was a schoolmaster, and that at the very moment in which they were hanging in thick brown clusters on the branch of a neighboring tree he was deep in the mysteries of *Cæsar's Gallic War*, surrounded by a group of lads whose eyes, sad to say, looked with more longing through the open windows at the gaily-colored butterflies flitting hither and thither than at the Latin books before them.

Suddenly the master looked out eagerly, his quick ear having caught the faint sound of buzzing in the air. He strained his eyes in the direction

from which it came, and saw a large, dark mass moving slowly away over the garden-wall.

Now, bees were one of his two-hobbies; the other was butterflies; and to lose a swarm was more than he could contemplate with equanimity. But what could he do? If it were said in the little town that the Grammar School master neglected the boys to look after his bees it might get to the governors' ears—and then!

What a dilemma to be placed in! For a moment he hesitated; then he decided that the bees must go, and with an inward groan, which perhaps accounted for the outward sharpness of his manner when he next spoke, he turned his eyes from the bees to books and boys.

"Such beauties, too!" he murmured.

"Yes, sir. I didn't quite catch what you said," remarked a bright-eyed lad, the wag of the class.

"I did not speak. Go on with your

*The Orient, formerly the Hanaei Zasshi, is a monthly magazine written in English by native Japanese and published at Tokyo.

work, Robertson; you are always looking about and listening when your eyes should be on your book."

"Beg pardon, sir; but I really thought you spoke. And—I *thought* I heard the bees;" and Robertson winked at the next boy as he made this remark.

"You attend to your lessons, sir, and never mind the bees," replied the poor man, irritated to think that this sharp youngster dare make a joke at his expense.

Lessons were over; and, as the clock struck twelve, the boys rushed out of the schoolroom into the field attached to the head-master's house, which was used as a playground, and there let off their superabundant steam.

Edward Martyn rose, locked his desk as soon as the last boy had disappeared, and, putting on a straw hat, walked slowly towards the hives.

He was a tall, thin man, with the slight stoop which often betokens the student; and his feet and hands, though not large, had the appearance of being loosely jointed. His hair inclined to red, and his somewhat straggling beard partook of the same hue; but his face was that of a scholar and a thinker. He was, as are many intellectual, thoughtful men, retiring and shy, and a bachelor. He had been master of Bury-cum-Thorpe Grammar School upwards of four years, and during that time had gone very little into society; while the young ladies rather made fun of him and his hobbies—in fact, behind his back, they were so rude as to call him "The Insect Man."

The few who had taken the trouble to know Edward Martyn appreciated him greatly. He had a fund of information concerning the animal world which made him a delightful companion on an excursion; and many a happy ramble he and one or two kindred spirits indulged in on a holiday afternoon.

His housekeeper, a woman of fifty,

had come with him to Bury, and woe be to any boy whom she heard making fun of their master, or indulging in jokes at his expense, as, alas! is the habit of schoolboys. Mrs. Peggy Partington was the sort of person of whom people stood rather in awe. Shrewd in her dealings and sharp in manner, the tradesman who attempted to overcharge her came in for a lecture on his moral obliquities that made him wish heartily he had never tried to extract the twopence or threepence out of her; had the money expended been her own she could not have laid it out to better advantage. She thought there was no one in the world like her master, and she had good reason for thinking so.

When under-master in another town he had lodged with her; she had then been a widow for upwards of seven years, and had found it a hard struggle to make ends meet. Her only daughter inherited the father's complaint—consumption; and when Edward Martyn first went to them he found things at a very low ebb. He it was who procured delicacies to tempt the invalid's appetite, who paid for her out of his slender allowance to go to a convalescent home, and who, when the end came, took the burden and responsibility of the funeral arrangements. Well might the mother think that there never could be another as good and kind as he; and when he asked her if she would like to give up her house and go to Bury-cum-Thorpe with him as his housekeeper, she wept tears of joy; the prospect seemed as a glimpse of the heavenly country.

Many would have been surprised had they heard the jokes that passed between the reserved, quiet head-master and his housekeeper; for Peggy's quaint speeches were a source of never-ending amusement to him.

As Edward Martyn stood contemplating the partially-deserted hives, and pulling his beard abstractedly, he

heard voices on the other side of the wall, and caught the sound of his own name uttered in a young,—he was sure it was young—happy voice.

"Indeed," it said, "I never spoke to Mr. Martyn in my life; and if he is poky, as you call him, he's far cleverer than any one in the town; and it's better to be clever and shy than showy and have nothing in you; and I"—

The voice died away in the distance; but the head-master of Bury-cum-Thorpe Grammar School stood as in a dream—bees, hives, swarms all forgotten; only the voice of a girl pleading his cause remembered. Who was she? Where did she live? What was she like? These questions passed rapidly through his mind, and for the first time he wished that the garden-wall had been low enough to see over.

"So they think I'm poky—do they! But *she* said I was clever; and—yes, I fear I am shy and awkward;" and he heaved a sigh.

The sound of the dinner-gong recalled him to himself, and he hastened down the garden to his lonely meal.

During the evening, whilst busy correcting exercises, a note came for him, as follows:

Sycamore Cottage, Chestnut Lane,
Bury-cum-Thorpe.

Dear Sir,—A swarm of bees has taken possession of our pear-tree; and my father, knowing that you keep them, wonders if you have lost any. If so, will you be good enough to come and take them, as we are not adepts at "beehandling?"—Yours truly,

Dorothy Adlington.

He jumped up, exclaiming, "My swarm! No doubt about it." And, taking with him his headnet and face-cover, a hive, and one or two other necessary articles for capturing bees, he set off.

He knew Mr. Adlington slightly, having met him on committees, and had always regarded him as one of the

most intellectual and cultured men of the town. He had retired from business—that of an engineer—some years ago, on account of failing eyesight, and now lived on a modest little income, devoting himself to literary and scientific pursuits. His wife had died soon after the birth of their only child, and he had never married again. It would have been difficult to find a more devoted couple than he and his daughter Dorothy, whom he had imbued with a like enthusiasm for knowledge as himself.

The cottage in which they lived was a long, low, white one, covered with honeysuckle and jasmine; and the rambling old garden contained a wealth of roses which would have delighted the heart of an exhibitor. Two large sycamore-trees stood well back, affording a cool shelter on the hottest day.

As Mr. Martyn drew near the house he began to wish he had secured his bees and was safely away. Just as his hand was on the door-bell he heard a voice exclaim triumphantly:

"They *are* Mr. Martyn's, father; here he is!" and a vision of white-and-blue appeared from a hidden seat in the garden, followed by Mr. Adlington.

"Good evening, Mr. Martyn. Allow me to introduce my daughter Dorothy to you."

The head-master bowed confusedly to the girl, who extended her hand in a pretty, frank fashion. He would have given much then not to have felt shy or awkward.

"Then the bees are yours, Mr. Martyn?"

"I hope so. I lost a beautiful swarm this morning between eleven and twelve."

"Just when you were fast in school with those tiresome boys," said Dorothy, laughingly. "How vexed you must have been!"

"I own candidly my temper was not

of the sweetest as I watched them flying over my garden wall," he answered, smiling too; "but I am in luck's way if I get them after all."

"What fun to see them taken!"

"It depends upon their behavior whether it is fun, my dear," said her father.

A low, buzzing sound and a few stray bees reminded them that they were nearing the proximity of the swarm; and Mr. Martyn's long experience warned him that they were evidently angry. Seeing this, he advised Miss Adlington and her father to move to a safe distance.

A ladder having been procured, the master stepped quietly up, and, after much coaxing and persuasion, secured his swarm, but not without several nasty stings on hands and neck.

Miss Adlington, on seeing these, insisted on his going into the house, in order that the stings might be extracted and a little ammonia applied.

For the first time in his life since he was a boy, Edward Martyn found himself submitting willingly to the ministrations of a woman; and that woman—a girl, whose blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, and hair that fell in natural waves on her broad brow, combined with her soft and gentle touch—had made the shy, stiff head-master of Bury-cum-Thorpe Grammar School wish—feel—oh! he hardly knew what, a something new and strange.

After the application of the remedy he lingered on in a sort of awkward way, as though wanting an excuse to stay.

Dorothy, with her quick perception, soon put him at ease; and before many minutes had elapsed her father and he were busily discussing the latest scientific problem over a cup of coffee and a cigar.

When he returned home, at 11.30, Mrs. Peggy looked at him in mild surprise. She had never known him out

so late since they came to Bury-cum-Thorpe.

"Yes, sir," she replied, in answer to some remark he made about being rather late—"yes, sir; I was getting a bit nervous-like, you being so reg'lar in your habits. I was afraid something had happened to you."

"Oh, no! only something pleasant. I have secured my lost bees."

"That's a good thing. It's to be hoped the creatures 'll have more sense next time than swarm in the middle of school-time."

"Oh, I don't mind. I'm rather glad they did;" and as he said this he looked at the red marks on his hands, and felt again the touch of soft, white fingers. "*Rather glad they did!*" Had she heard aright? He must be a bit sleepy and tired, and hardly knew what he was saying.

On the contrary, he had never been so wide awake in his life; and had his housekeeper seen him, an hour later, lay in his drawer a sweet-scented white rose, which he had picked up as it fell from Dorothy Adlington's waist, she would have pronounced him neither sleepy nor tired, but "gone a bit in his 'ead, through overwork an' the worry of them tiresome boys, as is enough to turn anybody's brain."

II.

"The honey is really beautiful this year, sir," remarked Mrs. Peggy, some weeks after the foregoing events, as she was putting a dish of it on the table for her masters' simple tea; for Edward Martyn was old-fashioned in his habits, and stuck to the old-fashioned five-o'clock tea, with the white cloth on the table, on which home-made tea-cakes and home-made jams, and honey were set, but nothing of a more satisfying nature.

"Yes, I think it is the nicest we have had, Peggy. We could get a prize if we cared to exhibit."

"The combs really is lovely, sir. I must show you a splendid piece I've got, and the honey draining from it grand."

Suiting the action to the word, she fetched from her pantry stores a huge block of pure-white comb on one of those large, deep china dishes so much in vogue in our grandmothers' day.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly, setting it on the table; "if that ain't a piece as any bee-fancier might be proud on, my name ain't Peggy Partington."

"It's a pleasure to look at, and I really do feel proud of it, Peggy; and you may be equally so, for it is owing to your care and attention that the bees have flourished so well," he replied, smiling.

Now, as he sat enjoying his honey, the thought came into his mind how much he would like Miss Adlington to taste it; and there and then he determined to take her a jar and ask her acceptance of it. But the crucial point was how to get it conveyed to its destination without Peggy knowing. Somehow—he could hardly have said why—he did not care for her sharp eyes to see him carrying honey to Sycamore Cottage.

Late that night, when his house-keeper was sound asleep, the master crept stealthily, like a guilty school-boy, into the pantry and counted the honey-jars.

"Nine!" he exclaimed. "Ah! that's better than an even number. I can take one and rearrange them, I fancy, so that Peggy won't discover the theft." And he did.

The next evening found him wending his way to Chestnut Lane, with a jar of honey securely tied up in two thicknesses of brown paper in the pocket of his tall-coat.

He felt more than usually awkward when he entered the pretty sitting-room in which Dorothy was seated by

the open window at some fancy-work; but his nervousness increased tenfold after he sat down, for, on putting his hand behind him, to his horror he felt the honey trickling out of his pocket on to the chair. The perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, and he made several ineffectual attempts to rise, but felt as though he were glued to the chair. At length, making a desperate effort, he said hesitatingly:

"I've b-brought you some honey from my bees, and"—

"How kind of you!" interrupted Dorothy, anxious to put him at ease. "I have often thought about your naughty bees that gave you so much trouble, and wondered how they have behaved since. It was so tiresome for you."

"I am very g-glad they swarmed here, or I should not have known you."

"Then I am grateful to the bees, too," she replied, smiling; "for I am glad to know you. But where is my honey? On the hall-table?"

"N-no; it's in my pocket, and I'm afraid"—

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a dismayed tone, "it will be running away, and spoiling your pocket and coat. Oh, dear! dear!" This as she saw the honey like a snail-trail on the chair, from which he had risen in much trepidation.

"I really am so sorry," he said, taking the sticky jar from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind," she replied, cheerfully. "There are worse things at sea. A damp cloth will soon put the chair right. But I am afraid your coat is in a bit of a mess;" and, despite her efforts to keep grave, she could not help laughing when she saw how woe-begone he looked.

He smiled, too, but somewhat ruefully.

"I'm an awkward, blundering fellow. You'll wish me and the honey far enough, making such a mess."

"Now, please don't mind, Mr. Martyn; there is no harm done. Here, Lizzie,"—this to the neat, trim maid who had entered in obedience to her summons—"will you take this jar of honey Mr. Martyn has kindly brought us, and bring a damp cloth to wipe off the stickiness? We have managed to spill a little, somehow."

After the coat pocket had been well rubbed by Lizzie, and the wet towel applied here and there to the coat, Dorothy suggested that they should go into the garden to look at a rose-bush which was one mass of bloom, and one of her father's special favorites.

Here they found Mr. Adlington engaged watering, picking off dead leaves, and tidying up generally.

Long after dusk they lingered in the still evening air, as though loath to break the spell that the golden red sunset had left upon them.

As before, Mr. Martyn stayed to the dainty little supper; and when his eyes descried the ill-fated honey-jar, he exchanged amused glances with Dorothy.

As he walked home that night through the silent streets of the little town Edward Martyn knew that he loved Dorothy Adlington—loved her with the strong first love of a man who has all his life gone hungry and hardly realized it until the Land of Goshen was in sight. And now the silent stars told her name, the rustling leaves whispered "Dorothy," and the birds when they sang warbled "Dor-r-r-ro-thy," "Dor-r-r-r-o-o-o-thy," over and over again, and his own heart trembled with a secret interwoven with joy and fear.

In those days a change came over the master. The boys felt it, but could not have defined it; but somehow, when Jackson felt "awfully down about his exam.," he found himself telling the master how disappointed his people would be if he did not pass,

and sympathy and help being tendered him from "Carrots;" and when Jimmy Beans lost his chance of the second-form prize, it was the master who, finding him weeping in a corner, comforted and cheered him by kindly words of encouragement; and Robinson said "Carrots was a brick, as he took no end of trouble with that cad Evans, to show him how wrongly he had acted."

Yes. Love—the glorifier, the beautifier, the transformer—had come into his life; and because of this he wanted to make every one around him brighter and happier. Even though he should never enter the gates of Eden, he knew that he was a better and truer man for knowing and loving Dorothy Adlington.

During that spring and following summer he found many excuses for coming to Sycamore Cottage; plants, roots, flowers, even bees and honey, were pressed into the service; and Mr. Adlington, fond as he was of his garden, had never had it so gay.

One day, the talk turning on the varied coloring of butterflies, he ventured to ask father and daughter if they would spend an evening with him, and then he would show them his collection.

"I know it is worth looking at, for the curator at the museum in B— said it was the finest private collection he'd seen," he added, with pardonable pride.

They thanked him, and said how pleased they would be to come; so one evening Dorothy, in her blue-and-white gown, which her father said "matched her eyes," set out with him to the schoolhouse.

She was delighted at the thought of seeing its oak doors and carved oak mantelpieces, as she had often heard them spoken of with veneration by lovers of the antique.

Mrs. Peggy had put on the best damask tablecloth and brought out the

blue-and-white china which had belonged to the master's grandmother, and placed in the centre the deep dish with a beautiful piece of honey in the comb; but it was his hand that gave the finishing touches to the table by placing here and there old-fashioned vases filled with blue-and-white flowers.

When Dorothy entered the oak-panell'd room she thought she had never seen anything so quaint and old, and yet so pretty and dainty, in her life.

Of course she presided, and looked charming. He wondered if she remembered that it was in that "frock" he had first seen her; he hoped she did.

The evening passed all too quickly; and the master, having interested, intelligent listeners, showed himself to the best advantage.

Mr. Adlington was amazed at the splendid collection, not only of butterflies, but of all sorts of insects, that he had to exhibit to them, and expressed the hope that he might often come and explore the wealth the cases contained at his leisure.

In the dusk they walked down to the beehives; and, whilst Mr. Adlington was busy contemplating something at the other end of the garden, Edward Martyn said:

"I take off my hat to my bees every day and whisper to them."

"Do you?" replied Dorothy, laughing. "What do you say?"

"I say, 'Thank you, O Bees! Bees! for swarming at Sycamore Cottage.'"

Dorothy colored slightly, but replied laughingly:

"How pretty and poetical of you!"

He looked at her and what he would have said remained unspoken, for at that moment Mr. Adlington's voice called out:

"Dorothy! Dorothy! come and look at this beautiful variegated leaf. I never saw one so delicately veined."

As Edward Martyn helped the girl

on with her pretty light wrap at the close of the evening, he wondered if he would ever have the exquisite bliss of folding her in his arms and saying, "My wife." He prayed God that he might.

And Dorothy? After kissing her father good-night, instead of getting into bed, she sat, with her lovely hair falling about her shoulders, thinking, and Edward Martyn occupied by far the larger portion of her thoughts.

Did Mr. Adlington suspect that his "little girl's" heart had been stolen by the grave, shy scholar? If he did he never said so; but he smiled to himself when he found flowers and honey so plentiful that year.

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The autumn following that summer lingered long; and in October, with its red, russet and yellow leaves and changing tints came the crowning glory of an Indian summer.

It was on one of those days redolent with the scents of autumn that the master went to London, none knew why or where, but the stroke of two found him in Wimpole Street, inside the consulting-room of one of the leading physicians of the day.

He was a brave man where physical pain was concerned; still, he dreaded the verdict that the great doctor would pronounce, not because of what he might have to suffer, but—*because he loved*.

"As you ask me to tell you the exact truth," the physician said, not unkindly, "I must say that your symptoms are very grave. The heart is considerably dilated; still, with care—great care, you know—you may live many years."

Edward Martyn listened as one in a dream.

"What is your profession or business?"

"I am a schoolmaster."

"Ah! Ahem! Well, as long as you

can teach without exciting yourself you are all right."

"Thank you," he said as he rose to go. "I suppose the pain will always be present?"

"Not necessarily; this prescription may do much for you. Still, I repeat, you must be very careful," said the physician, impressively.

Out again in the brilliant autumn sunshine, amidst the happy chattering groups of men and maidens, boys and girls, he wondered what burden each one carried under a careless exterior, for it seemed to him then as though every one must lie in the shadow.

On he walked, heedless of time, till he found himself crushing beneath his feet the yellow, golden leaves fallen from the trees in Hyde Park; then he realized how far he had come and how late the hour. He retraced his steps quickly, then stopped suddenly in his hurried walk, saying, "I forgot, I must not hurry," and called a hansom.

He reached home at the time he had stated, and Peggy had supper awaiting him; but she ventured to remonstrate when she came to take away the things and noticed that he had scarcely touched the food that she had prepared with so much care.

"Really, sir, I do think as you did ought to see a doctor. You've been quite off your food lately."

He smiled faintly. "How little she knew! And how her warm, honest heart would grieve when she did know!" he thought.

"It is a shame, Peggy, that such good cooking should be unappreciated; but I am not just up to the mark. When the holidays come, and I get a good rest I shall feel better. It only wants a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" snapped Peggy. "What you want, sir, if I may make so bold, is rest now, not to wait for the holidays. Them boys 'ud wear out an archangel, let alone a human."

At this the master laughed heartily in spite of himself, telling Peggy he was sorry that she entertained so poor an opinion of his promising pupils.

Three or four weeks passed—weeks of conflict and indecision, and weeks in which he purposely avoided Dorothy. Day after day and hour after hour he asked himself the question, Would it be right to ask her to become his wife under the circumstances of his delicate health? And at length he decided it would not; but only God and himself knew what that decision cost him.

"I will tell her I love her, and why I cannot ask her to be my wife; for I should like the little girl to know, though she can never be mine, that she has won all I ever had and ever shall have to give: the love of a poky—yes, that was what they called me—old bookworm. Oh! but it's hard, my God! What awful limitations this life has!" Thus he thought.

Again he stood by the bee-hives, decaying leaves and signs of approaching winter around; and yet over all there lingered the last faint touches of the dying autumn.

The town was keeping holiday in honor of some local event, and Mrs. Peggy had gone to see the display of bunting, etc., leaving tea ready in the oak-panelled room; but the master did not feel like holidaying. As he paced the gravel path backwards and forwards his thoughts went back to that day in spring when he heard the girl's voice saying, "He's far cleverer than any one in the town. It's better to be clever and shy than"— And he knew now that his then unknown champion was Dorothy Adlington. Had he not learnt by heart every tone of her voice and— Why, there it was sounding in his ears this very moment, as, the garden door being gently opened, he heard:

"Mr. Martyn! Mr. Martyn! are you

there?" and a laughing face appeared round the corner.

He came forward; and, in her sweet, unconventional way, Dorothy extended her hand, saying:

"I rapped several times; then I rang; and, getting no answer, I thought I'd try the garden as a last resource. So I came into the lane, and peeped in, and saw you. Father has sent you a message. He has not been out for several days; he has had a nasty cold, and I have been doctoring him, and he is a little tired of poultices and gruel, and wonders if you will take pity on him and have a game at chess—will you?"

He looked at her with a sort of pained look in his eyes and she knew in an instant that he was not well, not himself. Her face changed, and she said, gently:

"Aren't you well, Mr. Martyn? I am so sorry."

He moved a step nearer and answered:

"I am not very well; but Dor—Miss Adlington, will you listen to me for a few minutes—let us stand by the beehives—while I tell you what perhaps you may care little to hear?"

The hot blood suffused her cheeks, and as she looked at him something in her shy eyes told him that there might have been hope for him; but she answered not a word. For a moment there was absolute silence, unless for the floating of a leaf here and there, which the soft south wind carried away from the trees.

"I went to London a few weeks ago," he continued, "to consult one of the first physicians about myself; and—the verdict is bad. My heart is seriously affected, and—I can never hope to marry; but, oh, Dorothy!"—here he touched her hand—"had I been strong and well I had hoped one day to gain your love; but my dream is over. Only, my darling! my darling!"—here

he took her unresisting hands, and looked into her face with a great, tender love—"I wanted you to know that I loved you from the first night I saw you—nay, even before; and here by the bees, which have shared my joy, I tell you, my little girl, that you are my first and only love. Even though it is nothing to you, I felt it was right that you should know it."

"But it is something to me," she answered in a low, tremulous voice.

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you care for me?" and, throwing aside all the restraint he had imposed upon himself, he clasped her in his arms.

"Only for once, just once, my little girl. Never again; only this once."

For a moment or two neither spoke, and then Dorothy said, softly:

"Tell me all the doctor said."

So, pacing slowly up and down in front of the hives, out of which a stray bee crept now and again, he told her all: how he had loved her; how he had longed to tell her so, and dared not, thinking she would never care for an old "poky" (he smiled grimly as he uttered the word) fellow like him; and yet he had hoped. Then came the crushing blow—the doctor's verdict.

"I had not felt well for some time," he said, "but put it down to ordinary causes—overwork, etc. But latterly the pain at my heart had become so severe at times that I knew there must be something wrong; but I never dreamt I was suffering from anything serious. So, now, darling, if I have done wrong in speaking to you of my love, forgive me; but I could not bear the thought that you should think I had paid you attention and meant nothing by it. Again I say, forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied Dorothy, sadly. "I would far rather know that you loved me. I think it an honor to be loved by you."

"Oh, Dorothy!"

Again there was silence, in which the busy hum of the little town came floating towards them, accompanied by the discordant sounds of various sorts of music. Edward Martyn thought that he should ever retain those sounds in his brain, and a similar thought was in Dorothy's mind. At length he said, wistfully:

"The doctor said the medicine might do much for me; perhaps"—

"Oh! you will get strong and well if you take *great care* and do as he told you. People often live the longest who have to be careful," she said, smiling at him.

"And then, would you be my wife, Dorothy?"

He read the answer in her face, though she did not reply to his question in words.

"But, my darling, it does not seem fair to ask you to wait. You must be perfectly free, so that if—"

"If any one else asks me I can say yes," she interrupted, laughingly. "Then you don't really mind very much."

The laugh was infectious, and a great hope sprang up in him at that moment that he would get better.

They talked on oblivious of time, until Dorothy, hearing the church clock strike, exclaimed:

"Father will think I am lost."

"May I come in this evening, then?"

"Father asked you," she replied, demurely.

He took her hand and drew her

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towards him, and saying, "May I?" kissed her reverently.

"I am glad it was by the bees that I told you of my love. I wonder if they know all they have done for me. I owe them much."

"I, too, am in their debt," she said, smilingly, as she closed the garden-door behind her.

It was thus the master told his love.

In a sunny garden, facing the south, a man and woman stood gazing at the fair scene that stretched out before them. They had been silent for some minutes, lost in happy memories; then he turned towards her, and, taking her hand, said:

"Dorothy, you've never regretted it?"

The look she gave him satisfied him, though she spoke no word; and again there was the silence born of perfect understanding.

Suddenly a dark speck loomed on the horizon, and she exclaimed:

"There they are, Edward!"

"What? Where? The bees?" he answered, excitedly. "So they are. Now we must manage to take them, somehow."

"Oh, we shall manage them all right. They are coming in our direction. I have become an adept at swarm-taking since the days at Bury-cum-Thorpe."

The master took off his hat as the dark mass came nearer, and made obeisance to them, saying as he did so:

"Every day I thank you, O Bees! Bees! and to-night I thank you again."

Isabel Maude Hamill.

OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST

No characteristic of the theology of the second half of the nineteenth century has been more outstanding than its preoccupation with the life of Christ. Simultaneously, in all the Christian countries and communities, there has been awakened a new interest in the Founder of the Christian religion. Lives of Christ have poured from the press in profusion, and some of these have attained a world-wide renown. The causes of this direction of the public mind have been various; but it may be hoped that the principal cause has been a quickening of vital Christianity. Whenever this occurs, fresh attention will always be turned to Christ Himself; for, as De Pressensé has well said, He is not only the founder, but the object of His religion: "*Christianity is Jesus Christ.*"

Most of the lives of Christ—especially those published in English—have simply told the story in detail, from the idyllic scenes of the holy childhood, through the labors and conflicts of the public ministry, to the tragedy of the crucifixion, taking occasion by the way, perhaps, to discuss, with more or less of fulness, the problem of miracles and the mode of teaching by parables. The survey of Palestine and the numerous books of travel in the Holy Land have rendered great assistance in vivifying the scenes; and from the writings of Josephus and the treasures of the Talmud materials have been drawn in abundance to illustrate the manners, customs and opinions referred to in the Gospels. For lives of this kind, written with industry and good feeling, there will always be room. It is astonishing, after all has been done, how many points are still obscure. I have never, for example, in any commentary on the parable

of the Ten Virgins, seen a successful attempt made to prove that the picture drawn by Jesus corresponded with Jewish life, though it is impossible to believe that He could have described a scene which would have been declared by every hearer to be unnatural. There has taken place, in recent years, a discussion of portentous magnitude on the question whether the Synoptists and St. John represent the Last Supper as taking place on different dates; but it is difficult to believe that the point is not one which might be cleared up by a fuller knowledge of Jewish customs. There will always be room especially for closer psychological contact with the Gospels; for there are folds and wrinkles in the narratives into which nothing can penetrate but finer feeling.

I.

There is, however, at present a pause in the production of books of the kind described; and study is moving on from the story of Jesus to His mind. What is called on the continent the self-consciousness of Jesus has especially of late been the object of literary activity. Probably the attempt may be made to naturalize this phrase in our vocabulary; but it will hardly, I think, be successful, for the term is too obscure for the ordinary man. What it denotes, however, is by no means obscure. It simply means that Jesus thought and taught about Himself and about the purpose for which He was in the world. It involves the discussion of the names by which He called Himself, such as "the Son of Man" and "the Son of God," the hints He threw out about His relation to God and Heaven, and His sayings about

His own death, resurrection and second coming; and in connection with all of these points there arise questions of extreme difficulty.

The difficulty is principally due to the mingling of two elements in Christ's conceptions about Himself and His plan—the one temporary and local, the other universal and eternal. The local element may be generally described by the term Messianic. Jesus had to enter into the stream of history at a definite point. He had to serve, Himself heir to the promises of the prophets, and to the hopes of the nation in which He was born. The age was not a *tabula rasa*, but as full as any age in the history of mankind of peculiar opinions and living interests. Jesus threw Himself into the current. He professed, in short, to be the Messiah, and announced that He had come to found the kingdom of God, for which all were looking. On the other hand, He was infinitely above His time. He brought a message which knew nothing of the limitations of Judæa; and He was conscious of relations to the whole human family reaching down to the very foundations of existence. To show how these two elements were united and harmonized in the consciousness of Jesus is the problem; and it is one of enormous difficulty. Take a single point. If Jesus seriously proposed to be the Messiah, as His triumphal entry into Jerusalem proves He did, what would have happened had the Jews accepted Him in this character? Would He have been their king in the political sense? would He have broken the Roman yoke? and would He have reigned forever? These questions must be answered in the affirmative, when we survey the object from the temporary and local side of Christ's consciousness, but when we look at it from the universal and eternal side, the answer is as distinctly in the negative; for it was only by dying

that He would have established His profound relations with the human race, and His kingdom was most emphatically never intended to be of this world.

At present there is a very active school of young theologians on the Continent who start from the former side, emphasizing the Messianic element of the consciousness of Jesus. They hold that, like every other historical character, He was the creature of His age, and must be interpreted as a product of the conditions in which He was born and brought up. Hence, they have thrown themselves with avidity on the literary remains of the age immediately preceding His birth. These are chiefly of the apocalyptic and pseudigraphical order, and to the ordinary reader nothing but a weariness of the flesh; but to such enthusiasts nothing is discouraging, and they are editing these relics of one of the most arid epochs of the human mind with wonderful perseverance, and pouncing on every word and phrase which has any resemblance to an anticipation of the thought of Jesus. According to them, Jesus was confined within the circle of the ideas of His time, and His conception of Himself was wholly Messianic. When at last His death was impending and clearly inevitable, He took refuge in the idea of a second coming, in which He would achieve all the glory which had failed to accrue to Him at His first appearance. In this belief He died, and He bequeathed the illusion to His followers, who all expected Him to reappear within a generation. But this leaves the opposite side of Christ's consciousness entirely unexplained. He foresaw and foretold a slow and gradual development of His kingdom, such as history has actually witnessed; and nothing is more certain than that He expected by His death to be put into a new and world-wide relationship

with men. No theory of His consciousness which does not do justice to such facts can be regarded as even approximately sufficient.

The one English book which has really faced the problem of the self-consciousness of Jesus has been "*Ecce Homo*." The author of that remarkable contribution to the literature of the life of Christ asked himself what Jesus had in His mind as He presented Himself to His fellow-countrymen, and what He intended to do; and he dealt boldly and successfully with the kingship of Jesus and the idea of the kingdom of God. The student of the life of Christ will always be thankful to him for the solid meaning, still available for to-day, which he has shown these phrases of the Gospel to contain, as the student of English literature will be grateful to him for one of the classics of the nineteenth century, and the student of ethics for the delicacy and skill with which he draws the lines of distinction between ancient and Christian morality. But, deep as is the debt we owe to this author, "*Ecce Homo*" remains a torso. It ostentatiously neglects the major part of the evidence. The explanation which it gives of the influence exerted by Jesus on those who followed Him in the days of his flesh is ludicrously inadequate; and still more completely does it fail to explain the spiritual sovereignty of Jesus in the modern world.

The reason why the generations of the saints have loved and worshipped Jesus has not been because He has left them a tender and glorious memory, but because He has done to one and all of them, each in his own day, an infinite personal service. No conception of Christ is adequate which does not recognize, in addition to what He was and did in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, what He is and what He is doing at the present hour.

II.

The goal towards which scholarship is moving forward is an exhibition of the mind of Christ deduced scientifically from His words—and from all His words. Popular books have been numerous of late, professing to lay before the public the Christianity of Christ, but they labor under the defect of only dealing with those aspects of Christ's teaching which happen to have commended themselves with special force to the minds of the authors, while they generally contain much which can hardly be traced to Christ at all. In Germany, France and Holland, however, monographs have been frequent on single aspects of Christ's teaching, written in a truly scientific manner; and at least one book of importance has appeared in Germany on the whole subject.

Besides what is called His self-consciousness, His moral teaching calls for scientific handling. It is generally taken for granted that, while His dogmatic teaching is difficult, this is plain sailing. The Sermon on the Mount in particular, is quoted as something which, at a glance, any one can comprehend. But only those who do not know it can think so. Scanned closely, it is one of the most paradoxical and perplexing documents belonging to the human race. Count Tolstol, interpreting it literally, finds in it a rule of life which is a curious compound of Anarchism and Quietism; Rau, a follower of Feuerbach, interpreting it in the same way, in a work published this year, entitled "*Die Ethik Jesu*," rejects its teaching indignantly in the name of science and humanity; while Luthardt and Sanday hint that it is a rule for the church, but not for the world, laying themselves open to the retort: Who, then, is the moral legislator for the world? Innumerable details, such as the teaching of Jesus on

war and divorce, still form the battle-fields of fierce debate; and His supposed hostility to wealth and culture is used by anti-religious writers on the Continent as one of their most effective weapons in the propaganda of unbelief among the educated classes. In short, the complete and systematic exhibition of the ethical teaching of Jesus is one of the pressing desiderata of the day.

Another difficult department of His teaching is His eschatology. He spoke much about the future, not only in reference to Himself, but in reference to the history of the world and the destiny of mankind. So difficult is this portion of His teaching to interpret that many reverent scholars have abandoned the task of vindicating its truthfulness and wisdom, except on the supposition that He has been very imperfectly reported. Yet His teaching in this department justly exercises a supreme influence. For example, it is well known that the doctrine of the creeds, as to the ultimate fate of the wicked, lays a severe strain on the faith of this age. Single voices have here and there been raised in vehement protest against it, and there are minds to which its continued persistence, in an era of enlightenment, seems monstrous. But the progress of this protest has been slow, and the protesters, in spite of the strength of their own convictions, are left crying in the wilderness, the reason, undoubtedly, being that Christ's teaching is believed to be on the opposite side; for men are distrustful of their own instincts when these seem to imply the assumption that they are more compassionate than the Son of Man.

Then there is the great problem of the teaching of Jesus as recorded by St. John, and its relation in the record to the Synoptists. The divergence is immense. Is it irreconcilable? A short time ago it seemed as if, in critical

opinion, the Gospel of St. John were to be drifted away from the three other Gospels far down into the second century, and to be assigned as the property of a shadowy figure totally different from the disciple whom Jesus loved. But the tide, which has ebbed and flowed so often, has turned again, and a large element proceeding directly from St. John is recognized even by extreme critics. While the author not only writes the connecting narrative, but reports the sayings of Jesus in a dialect of his own, the difference in substance between that which he reports and that which the Synoptists report disappears on close scrutiny, and the ideas attributed by him to Jesus, when translated into the language of the other Gospels, are found to be identical with those which these contain. It cannot now be regarded as by any means a hopeless task to construct a scheme of Christ's teaching in which the contents of all the records will be comprehended and harmonized.

Of course, after the masses of Christ's teaching indicated above have been mastered separately, it will remain to determine what is the central and organizing thought of the whole, and how the subordinate thoughts branch off from this trunk. Is Christ's supreme idea the kingdom of God, or the Fatherhood of God, or what? Even after this has been determined, the utmost delicacy of perception as well as breadth of view will be required to show how even the remotest twigs of His thinking are organically related to His ruling ideas. It may well be doubted, in fact, whether it is possible thus to comprehend Christ. If His thought were thus comprehensively ascertained, would it not tyrannize over our thinking? Such doubts have weight; yet the attempt which has been sketched lies in the line of the theological development, and it is a noble ambition to seek to ascertain

the mind of the Master on every subject on which He expressed Himself, and to grasp the scheme of existence as it lay pictured in His thought.

One consideration has cropped up much of late which puts a new complexion on the whole subject of Christ's teaching. This is the observation that He spoke in Aramaic. Our Greek Gospels, it is contended, do not contain his actual words, but must be translated back into the language in which He discoursed before we can be sure that we possess the *ipsissima verba*. But the Aramaic literature is limited, and the relics of the particular dialect of it in which He is supposed to have spoken are specially exiguous; so that this is a hard condition. The means of knowing the Hebrew language are far more copious; but recently the learned world has had experience of what translating back into an ancient language means. Some of our distinguished scholars had translated the Greek book of Ecclesiasticus into Hebrew when a fragment of the original Hebrew accidentally turned up; and the contrast between this and the version made by the scholars was a spectacle to gods and men. On the other hand, it is hoped that many of the curious discrepancies between the different Gospels can be cleared up by tracing the discrepant words back to the same Aramaic original. So far is confidence carried that it has been seriously proposed by high authorities to eliminate from the Gospels "the son of Man" as a name of Jesus, because this idea is incapable of being expressed in Aramaic. I should like to see the primary assumption—that Aramaic, and not Greek, was the habitual language of Jesus—thoroughly investigated by our own English scholars before this line of speculation is carried much further amongst us. There are a few fragments of Aramaic preserved in the Gospels among the utterances of

Jesus; but what does the occurrence of these denote? Is it that He habitually spoke in Aramaic, but that only these few utterances remained in the memory of those who listened to Him? Or is it, on the contrary, that, speaking Greek habitually in His discourses, He relapsed in moments of deep emotion into the language of His home, as a Welshman accustomed to preach in English would fall back, in certain circumstances, on his mother-tongue, and that these remarks were remembered because they were rare?

III.

The tasks above described would be sufficient to occupy Christian scholarship for a generation. But it is possible that the development of the study of the life of Christ in the immediate future may take a different course, diverging into the higher criticism of the Gospels.

The impression prevails in the English-speaking countries that with the overthrow of the Tübingen theory on the Continent the criticism of the Gospels has practically come to a standstill, and that Bishop Lightfoot administered the *coup de grâce* to all negative speculation on the Gospels in England. This is, however, a very innocent view of the actual state of scholarship. Even the orthodox writers of Germany have no hesitation in sacrificing a saying of Jesus as unauthentic when it does not square with their own views; an author as conservative as Weiss has a theory of the composition of the Gospels almost as elaborate as the current theories of the Hexateuch, with a scale of values attached to the various documents; and Holtzman, whose "Handcommentar" is exercising a widespread influence in other countries besides his own, ascribes the form of the various Gospel incidents to every conceivable origin

rather than to the fact that they happened just as they are narrated. Even St. Mark, which to the ordinary eye seems to bear the stamp of a very simple and unique authorship, is not now allowed to be all of a piece, but has to be decomposed by a critical process and rearranged before it can be accepted as a correct representation of the events. St. Matthew and St. Luke are based on an earlier document, which can be reconstructed in its entirety, and the testimony of this primitive Gospel has to be carefully distinguished from the magnified and amplified contents of the canonical books. Even in St. John, which most readers would declare to possess the literary unity and perfection of a crystal, although a Johannine element is now recognized, there is discovered also the work of an editor, who has arranged and altered the whole in accordance with peculiar ideas of his own. It is more than possible that within the next decade the Gospels may be issued from the press printed in all the colors of the rainbow, to indicate the different documents of which they are composed, as is happening to the books of the Old Testament at the present hour. The materials already exist in abundance for such an effort; and only a bold hand is required to appropriate them.

The total result of the critical processes, as they are usually applied on the Continent, is, undoubtedly, to attenuate the figure of Christ. His mightiest works and grandest sayings are taken from Him; and what is left reduces Him to a size very different from that in which He appears to the faith of the church. It is not a question whether this or that saying of His may be more correctly reported in one Gospel than in another, or whether the details of this or that miracle may have been modified by transmission from mouth to mouth, but whether the

real Christ is He who was born of a virgin and rose from the dead, who raised Lazarus from the grave and walked on the waters, who said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth," and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," who gave His life for the sin of the world, and will be the judge of men at the last day; or whether Jesus was merely the son of Joseph and Mary, merely healed a few sick people, mainly of nervous disorders, by the influence of his imposing personality and perhaps with the help of some simple remedies of which he possessed the secret, merely rose from the dead in the same sense in which all souls of men, at the death of the body, pass to God, and can claim the worship of the world merely by a title a little higher than that under which, in the Roman Catholic Church, worship is rendered to the saints.

That the battle of faith in the Gospels will have to be fought over again in the not distant future—and that under conditions extremely different from any under which it has ever been fought in this country before—I have no doubt whatever. But a great deal will depend on whether it will have to be fought soon or not. If the constructive work on the mind of Christ, which I have attempted to outline, comes first, there will be erected a foursquare citadel of faith which will be the best defence against unbelief; because the demonstration of the unity and coherence of all the main masses of Christ's thought is the best antidote to the disposition to niggle at the details. But the premature withdrawal of attention from the substance and the concentration of it on the form of His words would land us in an era of subjectivity, when the boldest and the most arbitrary would command the greatest attention and the most sacred elements of our faith—the

words of the Son of God—would be subjected, under the eyes of the public, to the processes of mangling and permutation which are painful enough when applied to the commoner parts of Scripture, without the control of a coherent and well-established conception of Christ's teaching as a whole. These things are, however, on the knees of the gods; the Church must meet the questions which are providentially submitted to her as they arise, and she has always much both to learn and to unlearn. The literary origin of the Gospels is a problem of almost in-

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finite intricacy which has not yet, by any means, been solved, and, till it is solved, she cannot, of course, know how far her opinions may require to be modified; but He whom she loves and worships as her Lord and her God is too well known to her by daily experience of His presence and virtue to permit her to fear the investigation of the truth to the very bottom and the very end.

Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

James Stalker.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

The mountain fronts the city and the sea,
Serene, inscrutable, with patient brow,
A monument to unremembered times,
To loves and losses long forgotten now,
And pregnant with the morrow's mystery.

Here, ere the earth was old, its level crest
Looked down on tranquil beaches yet untrod,
Held high dominion o'er the hollow deep,
Or ever Israel's clans were lost to God,
And saw the eagles gathering from the West.

The wind-bound galleons, edging off the shore,
Armadas, heading for uncharted seas,
Beheld the Mountain frowning from afar,
Serene above the rain-beladen breeze,
And marked the omen in the face it wore.

All things the Mountain knoweth and hath seen,
From that first dawn when God said, "It is good,"
Down through the years; the brief usurping days
Passed in review before it where it stood.
All earth and ocean were its wide demesne.

Brother, when thou and I, in course of years,
Are gathered to our fathers and forgot,
Yon iron head will stand immovable
As in the days when thou and I were not,
A mute memorial of our joys and tears.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Perceval Gibbon.

THE WAR OF WINDS :

A COMMENTARY ON WEATHER FORECASTS.

Within view of my window the few crisp lingering leaves of a veteran oak, which, through the months of winter, have defied their inevitable fate, are succumbing at last to a blustering storm out of the southwest. As each gust searches through the branches these waifs of the air go sailing off on the wind like small flights of birds, and after fluttering aloft in brief, wild career, come to earth half-way across the neighboring pasture. Their brethren that yielded in countless numbers in the early fall of last autumn, came softly and quickly to the ground, sodden with moisture, and dropping rank by rank at the warning touch of the first night frosts.

But the remnant of their generation, now dried and twisted, are, for the time, the sport of air currents, and the behavior of these air currents, which they partly betray, is a subject for valuable study. It recently chanced to the writer, in company with his daughter and Mr. Stanley Spencer, on the occasion of a night balloon ascent to view the Leonids, to undergo an enforced detention in the upper regions exceeding, in duration, that of any other English balloon voyage on record, and to have through long hours little better to do than to record—alike by eye observations and by a series of photographs—the varying streams and eddies of air blowing aloft, and their courses as faithfully registered on the upper surface of one vast cloud-sea 1,500 feet thick, that lay as a dense compact canopy over all the west and south of England.

By reason of its universal extent this far-reaching cloud layer remained practically stationary, while its upper face became frayed and furrowed much

in the same fashion as a field of corn is swept by the summer breeze, or as the *débris* on the seashore is flung here and there, and then left stranded by the retreating tide. While hovering at sunrise only just above this cloud floor, we had been struck by the manner in which its actual fringe would surge in huge wreaths and billows up into the clear sky and there disappear. We were for the time being actually poised on the verge of that lining of the cloud, which, in summer time in particular, we are wont to see withering away in detached masses and melting into space.

Then a wind-storm would seem to sweep across the scene, and billows of filmy mist would race past at a somewhat different level to ourselves, and in a direction differing widely from that in which our own course was known to be. Then, again, the aspect of the region close about us would change once more, and the cloud masses would settled down into a compact floor, as though formed of firm and level snow, and fully as purely white and glistening. As we had already endured some hours of the cramped quarters of the car, the temptation seemed to suggest itself to us that we might step out and have a run round for exercise. The same idea has occurred on similar occasions to other aerial travellers, one of whom has remarked on what a surprise would await anyone who should try the experiment.

When, however,—such was our strange fate that day—the sun rose and, warming and drying our balloon, sent us mounting by leaps and bounds ever higher and higher, we looked down at length on a limitless plain, on which

only the most prominent features were displayed in due relation to each other. At a few isolated points there would tower towards heaven up-drifts of vapor, as though borne and balanced on ascending air-shafts, while elsewhere a line of bluff, white barriers uprose like beetling cliffs of snow overhanging a veritable sea. But the most noteworthy features were broad, winding river-beds chased clean and deep through long, level stretches of white, interminable waste. There was good reason, from their nature and appearance, to regard these winding valleys as having actually been carved out by passing sweeps of wind; such blasts had come, within our own experience, on several occasions during the long hours that we were hung in space at between one and two miles high. They commonly manifest themselves by a fresh breath on the one cheek or the other. Indeed, such cross-currents make the only breeze that the free aerial traveller can feel, and in general for a few moments set his balloon swinging.

Later on we had remarkable proof of a very definite current of a very distinct nature, and blowing from a new quarter. The sun had but just reached the meridian. Its heat in the clear upper air was so overpowering that we were shielding our heads by hanging cloths about the rigging; and while engaged in this operation, and in the interval of a few minutes only, we most unexpectedly found we had descended no less than 2,000 ft. This downward course was, however, quickly arrested, and further descent, though palpable, was only extremely gradual.

This circumstance, taken in connection with our course, as subsequently determined, has led to the conviction that at an altitude of 9,200 ft. a sudden check in ascent and a subsequent descent had been brought about by a cold upper current blowing, not from the east, as the prevailing wind had hith-

erto been blowing, but distinctly up the Bristol Channel; yet so shallow was it that only 2,000 ft. lower we had passed completely out of its influence. A very similar instance of an unexpected yet well-defined current encountered over a river valley is recorded among my notes on another occasion, when shortly after sundown our balloon had become becalmed over London, and was actually settling down, with ballast spent, upon the house-tops. It seemed unavoidable that we must descend in the midst of busy Pimlico; but in the end, as we crept nearer the river, some unsuspected current blowing over the river valley caught and carried us on to Wimbledon. On the present occasion we shortly became involved in very complex currents eddying above the Welsh mountains, and at the time of our final descent near Neath we were being swept by a gale of considerable strength straight for the open sea, from which we were scarcely more than a mile distant.

But our records on this memorable voyage did not end here. A folded note—one out of many—that was cast overboard at a point undoubtedly to the east of Bristol, was carried on a wayward course and dropped on a mountain near Pontypridd, forty miles away as the crow flies, which haven it can hardly have reached (judging from the travel of the balloon) until after an aerial flight of near two hours' duration. I have very frequently experimented with similar missiles dropped from balloons at different heights, and it is clear that on the present occasion the folded paper became the sport of wind-streams after the same fashion as the withered oak leaves to which I have called attention.

Let us return, then, to the lower currents, with which we are more familiar, and note their behavior when carefully examined. Kite-flying—scientific

cally conducted—affords an admirable means of testing currents at all heights up to at least half a mile, and if there is only what is known as a light air blowing, the play of its diverse drifts can be noted from lowest levels. Suppose an open common is chosen, affording a long stretch of plain country without obstacles to windward, but with some background, say, of hedge and trees. The puffs of wind, carefully looked for and needed to start the kite, come up fitfully; their appearance is heralded by a whistle in the air, then the foliage will stir close by you on one side, and the branches of a tree, say, twenty yards, on the other; the bennets and long grasses will bend but a short distance in front of you, and yet this time the little gusts may miss you entirely. A little while, however, and your kite flutters, and then, if properly contrived, sails aloft, though shifting round probably some points from the set of the neighboring weather vane; nor does it keep a true direction for more than a few seconds, dodging, dropping, then rising again, and always telling faithfully when and whence the gusts are blowing and where they fall.

In this we apparently have ocular demonstration that the minor currents of air—at least, at low levels—flow in narrow, tortuous courses, self-contained and but little widening outwards. We probably are witness of a true parallel when an unsnuffed dip candle is blown out and held in the draught, say, between door and fireplace of a room. The very palpable thread of smoke generally takes an almost horizontal course, and meanders across the chamber in a milky stream that twists and turns, but does not readily disperse. Very much the same sort of behavior is to be noticed when a drop of stain is allowed to fall from a little height into a tumbler of water. The drop breaks up into droplets, each of which winds through the clear water in spiral or

vortical courses. The kite, however, will often show other and sudden changes in the air-streams. During a visit to the archipelago of Sicily I endeavored through many days to launch a favorite and well-trusted kite, but the winds continued too boisterous till one afternoon, when the kite got away with safety, and remained flying with great steadiness for an hour above the highest ground in St. Mary's. At about sundown, however, while as yet on the hilltop there was no change of temperature, nor yet of wind-force or direction, the kite, flying at twelve hundred feet, moved across the sky through some fifty degrees, and then was fairly and irresistibly blown to earth by a downward cold blast (as told by the thermometer it carried).

Regarding now the levels that lie next in ascending order, above those just considered, we have familiar and, to a certain extent, trustworthy witness of the way of the winds in the clouds that float along the streams that bear them. That such clouds do not, however, declare the entire complexity of upper currents, it will be easy to show. For though a common, it is a false assumption to suppose that clouds give reliable evidence of such diverse currents as are at any time blowing through a cloud-flecked sky.

Mr. Glaisher, in his elaborate and most careful investigations—which, by the way, have through thirty years never been systematically repeated in this country—shows that he constantly met with widely-differing wind-streams in mid-air, some bearing mist, rain or snow, others dry and cloudless, and not to be detected until actually encountered. To quote, by way of example, a summary of one of his ascents, we read:—

"In this ascent the wind on the earth was S.E. At the height of 1,300 ft. the balloon entered a strong S.W. current. This direction continued up to

4,000 ft., when the wind was from S. At the height of 8,000 ft. the wind changed to S.W., and afterwards to S.S.E. At 11,000 ft. we met with fine granular snow, and passed through snow on descending till within 8,000 ft. of the earth. We entered clouds at 7,000 ft., and passed out of them at 6,000 ft. into mist. A warm current of air was met with of more than 3,000 ft. in thickness, moving from the S.W. Above this the air was dry, and higher still very dry. Fine granular snow was falling into this current of warm air."

With the full truth of the complexity of aerial rivers impressed on my mind, I must confess that I was greatly struck with the general, if not entire, accuracy, at least, accountableness, of the forecasts issued by the Meteorological Office during a period of three weeks last autumn, when my colleagues and myself had need to study through night and day the aspect of weather generally, but of wind more particularly, from that admirable observatory, the North Tower of the Crystal Palace. We were commissioned to make (for scientific observation) the aerial passage of the North Sea during the period above mentioned, when a balloon was practically ready for us at any time in the Palace grounds. A wind lying between the narrow limits of W. by N. and W. by S. was needed for our purpose, and such a wind having been again and again predicted by the Meteorological Office we almost always found such prediction justified, though the height at which it might blow and its duration would remain too uncertain for our purpose in hand. It was during our close scrutiny that we noticed, on more than one occasion, the very ideal wind that we wanted (had direction only been right), namely, half a gale blowing at thirty miles or more at the height of the lower cloud stratum, while on the ground—happily, indeed, for the aeronaut—practically a dead calm. The significance of these facts

in reading the daily meteorological records will, in due place, be made apparent.

Let us now pass on to lofty wind records of another class. On the summit of Cayambe, in the Andes, Mr. Whympster describes the war of the winds on a battlefield 10,000 ft. high. The wind from one quarter was damp and warm, and on several occasions he witnessed it win the struggle, whereupon the whole mountain would become invisible. Anon a dry wind would prevail, and then the slopes would come into view. Again Professor Smyth, during a stay on Teneriffe, tells not only of stormy weather on the mountain-side which never reached the plains, but describes how he could ascend through the N.E. wind, coming out clear beyond it at 10,500 ft., where the wind blew steadily from the S.W. On the other hand, Professor Tyndall relates how, on Monte Rosa, while he himself remained in calm regions above, he could watch the commotion of the storms, as it were, boiling up the mountain-side below him.

As to causes tending to divert or break up the general direction of any wind, anti-cyclonic or otherwise, blowing over land such as Great Britain, there is no need to insist on the ascending currents arising over country, lying in patches of necessarily very diverse temperature and moisture; nor of corresponding descending currents; nor, again, of great sweeps generated over valleys or slanting off the slopes of hills; nor yet of the inflowing of sea gales and outflowing of land breezes, as sea and land acquire widely different temperatures and the like. But there is another example to which attention is but seldom called, of a constant local action liable to be set up in mid-air due to the simple cause, often observed from below and yet more frequently by the aeronaut, of visible cloud being condensed at various points aloft.

Latent heat is always set free by the condensation of vapor. Thus, if moist, warm air becomes condensed anywhere into cloud or rain a quantity of heat is given out at the region where the cloud manifests itself, and a greater or less atmospheric disturbance of local nature will take place. Similar disturbances occur when wet cloud is evaporated into dry air. During the aerial voyage, first referred to in this paper, our balloon constantly passed and repassed the upper margin of a vast cloud-floor which was briskly thinning away into dry upper air, and at this level well-marked cross-currents were always experienced.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in this country, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatsoever cause, appear of this nature. Dust-whirls in spring, and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn, are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust-showers have arisen on the West Coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice *débris* which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty

regions entangled in the bosom of a wind-whirl sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatau, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, travelled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months, or, possibly, years afterwards.

I would, then, insist that where winds are being distinctly traced as bearing down on the British Isles, and their arrival confidently foretold by competent meteorologists, we should refrain from any assertion that they have miscarried simply because we may experience calm instead of wind, or because the wind that stirs the trees may not blow from the predicted direction. If it be only the weather vane that gives the lie to the official forecast, we have no right to base any censure on its testimony alone. All the while, and with very strong probability, the predicted wind may be practically present with us overhead, or not far to seek.

Were we but further advanced in aerial investigation and better equipped with aërostatic appliances; were reasonable researches in the upper air scientifically and systematically carried on, there can be no doubt that we should soon make important advances in that branch of meteorology which is of chief moment in a sea-girt country. Already for some years this all-important department of physics has received something like the attention it deserves both in America and on the Continent, and it is certainly to be regretted that we do not, at least, recognize the duty of our own co-operation.

John M. Bacon.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE NATURALISTIC NOVEL IN FRANCE.

II.

The abatement of the enthusiasm for science among the thinking public, and the substitution of a vague longing for the spiritual, which explain how realistic art in general has ceased to be in favor, suffice, no doubt, to account for the failure of the naturalistic novel in particular. Yet, there were other reasons besides, reasons of a purely literary order, why this kind of novel was bound to disappear.

As a reaction against the excessive individualism of the Romanticists who found in themselves, in their sensibility or their fancy, the whole matter and inspiration of their books, naturalism seemed full of promise. It brought men back to a healthier and more fruitful conception of art by awakening in them an interest in their fellow-creatures, and by setting open before their eyes the wealth of beauty and truth which real nature, real society, and real life contain. Balzac, in his "*Comédie Humaine*," has given the measure of what might have been achieved by naturalism, by a wise and not overpowering naturalism. It is he who embodies in its happiest form the true spirit of the reaction, although—or rather because—he was born some twenty-five years too early to be influenced by the doctrine of the new school. As far back as 1830, the golden age of Romanticism, he illustrated, in what masterly fashion everybody knows, the principle which the naturalists afterwards advocated, "*Tout est matière à littérature*," and his accuracy of observation so scrupulously explored all classes of men and all kinds of manners that his books have been called "The greatest store of documents we possess on human nature."

If the novelists who wrote about 1860 had only followed in his path, the fate of the naturalistic novel would have been widely different. Unluckily these, from the first, set up as reformers, and as is the wont of reformers when they get the upper hand, they carried their reform to the extreme. The Romanticists had forgotten or ignored the world around them; they, in their turn, bent upon reinstalling truth and reality in literature, forgot or ignored everything but that world. Observation with them was not, as it had been with Balzac, an auxiliary of invention; they limited their task to the exclusive notation of facts and objects.

The consequences of this rigorism were disastrous, as may well be imagined. First of all it singularly narrowed the range of the novel; it deprived it of a most essential element of interest—psychology. Psychology in the hands of a novelist can never be more than an interpretation of abstract forces which cannot be determined or measured in the concrete, and an attempt to analyze and reconstruct their combined action on the will. But the naturalist does not allow himself to venture out of the real on such interpretations; of the inner man therefore he *will* not see more than what can be read in the face or gathered from the attitude, and of the numberless motives which prompt human action he only reckons those which can be traced back to exterior and material circumstances. Such being the case, it follows naturally that the type of humanity he sets forth in his works should be very simple and elementary. A man endowed with strong emotional and intellectual faculties would be but an indifferent subject for him; whereas another individ-

ual of little mental and moral development, who is entirely governed by sensations, and whose whole existence is determined by the *milieu* in which he moves, affords him splendid opportunities of minute descriptions. He is, therefore, above all the painter, if not of the grotesque as some critics would have it, at least of the mean and the commonplace.

With regard to the formal treatment of the novel, the naturalist is almost as awkwardly fettered. We have seen that his conception of art confines him exclusively to descriptive narration. Now this mode of narration would be objectionable enough had it no other drawback than to breed monotony in the long run; but there is more to say against it: its greatest fault is that it lacks both plot and characters, and, consequently, mangles the interest. Take the narrator for what he professes to be, a mirror between reality and his readers; the mirror will send us successive reflections—let them even be perfect reflections—of moments of life or fragments of the world, but however closely strung up together, these successive reflections will fail to give the impression of a whole, nor will they easily be worked up into the synthesis through which alone events and physiognomies can revive. Descriptive narration is of necessity analytic; granted that analysis is a powerful instrument of scientific investigation, like dissection for the anatomist, it is certainly not any more than dissection, a direct means of artistic creation.

This perpetual confusion of science and art, which is at the root of the naturalistic doctrine, had one more sorry consequence. The novelist, accepting scientific methods for the sake of exactness, denied himself the right to show his feelings; his personality is entirely absent from his works. Whatever may be the horror or the sadness

of his subject, he must not appear to be moved by it; his attitude toward the vices of men or their misery is as impassive as that of the physician who studies a disease. Thus fiction, already dispossessed of psychology, limited in its form to description, is, under the pretence of impartiality, left without the last resource of emotion, and is likely to become cold as the official report of an accident—unless it succeeds (as was the case with *Mau-passant*, thanks to his marvellous gift of coloring) in being as impressive as reality itself.

The wonder is not that, with so many feathers plucked from its wings, the naturalistic novel should have had so short and generally so low a flight, but rather that it should have risen to any height at all. And yet it did, at least once. "*Madame Bovary*," the first in time as well as the most perfect of the naturalistic novels, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a masterpiece. With the instinct of true genius, Flaubert found at once the best possible matter of his book; there was nothing in it beyond the reach of pure description; the characters were types of unconscious mediocrity absorbed in the humdrum of daily life; the heroine herself, a fine but silly woman, whose moral life was the prolongation of what she felt in her flesh; the events, though tragical, brought on by mere physical causes. But, at the same time, this novel, which is properly the epic of the vulgar, seems to have entirely exhausted all the available matter of naturalism, as though all the stones destined to pave the way had been used in rearing a triumphal entry. Neither Flaubert, though he tried hard all his life, nor his followers, though many of them did not lack power, ever came across such a subject again, or else ever succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of a tyrannic method.

THE TRANSVAAL QUESTION FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.*

In judging the Transvaal—not merely from the German outlook—the points of view are determinative, the ethical and the political one; in the confusion and mingling of the two lies the foundation of much obscurity and perplexity. The Boers, by their own sweat and blood, in severe conflict with the wilderness and its inhabitants, have won a home, and it is a matter of course that the sympathies of the whole civilized world should be with them in their defence of it against English greed. The probably undeniable fact of a government which greatly needs betterment, can in no wise prevent this.

Since the first annexation of the Transvaal by England in the year 1877, there have been constant attempts by the English to rule the country in one way or another, and we are probably not wrong in recognizing among the motives of these efforts, besides the imperialistic tendencies of the British statesmen and cabinet, that is, the idea of the establishment of a confederation of states in South Africa under English supremacy, the more or less hidden desires of English capitalists, mine owners, and adventurers, to use for Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his comrades the same appellation which was formerly officially bestowed upon the founders of the English Empire in the East Indies.

Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, the almost total escape from punishment of the English officers who took part in it, and the farce played before and by the parliamentary commission of investigation, aroused by no means unjustifiable excitement and indig-

nation throughout Continental circles, which, within the last few months, received fresh food from the attitude of the English government and press in the negotiations with the Transvaal before the outbreak of hostilities.

If Talleyrand's definition of diplomacy as the application of sound common sense to public affairs is just, it can only be said that, in the negotiations with the Transvaal, diplomacy has played a thoroughly subordinate part; while, on the contrary, Mr. Chamberlain's energy, by which he succeeded in imposing his own will upon his less positive and reluctant colleagues has been the determining element. The support of a large portion of the English press, especially the *Times*, which, during the Jameson raid, played an absolutely irritating part, aided the efforts to divert English public opinion from the actual conditions, and fix it upon the point at which the desires of the imperialist party culminate, that is, the destruction of the Dutch republics as independent states.

To have perceived this plainly as the final goal of British policy, and prepared for the decisive conflict which for decades has been recognized as inevitable, is clearly a merit of the government of the two Boer republics. Therefore, it is pure hypocrisy for the English to regard and declare the Transvaal ultimatum the cause of the outbreak of the war; the war had already become inevitable, and it would have been unpardonable folly on the part of the Boers to wait, before arming, until the English had completed their preparations and then made their demands.

But the incidents in South Africa again strikingly confirm the accuracy

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Mary J. Safford.

of Prince Bismarck's statement that political and military movements must go hand in hand, to avoid disappointments and defeats. As in the year 1866, Austrian diplomacy had reached war, while military preparations were still far behind, the same spectacle is now repeated in England, where diplomacy caused a breach, while in regard to military matters everything was yet to be accomplished. Thus, it became possible for the Boers to overrun large tracts of British territory, and, even though their success against the British troops already in the field should be only partial, they can materially impede and delay the advance of English re-inforcements by destroying their railroads and bridges.

If the sympathy of wide circles for the little band of Boers who did not shrink from entering into battle with imperial England is thoroughly natural and intelligible, the political situation, in spite of all the outcry of small German and agrarian parties, must be considered exclusively from the practical standpoint. Sentiment alone forms no policy, at least no good one, but—unless we desire to expose ourselves to severe disappointments and defeats—we must duly weigh all the chances which may follow the transition from diplomatic to military action, that is, must draw up a profit and loss account, and, after mature consideration, reach farther decisions. If the gentlemen who offer resolutions and have them adopted in public assemblies would first take the trouble to understand the consequences which must follow the practical execution of their wishes, they would spare themselves and others a great deal of very unnecessary labor. In the present state of affairs, Germany can only stand in the position of a neutral toward the conflict in South Africa; what tasks may arise for her in the

future, from the conditions there, cannot be foreseen.

Numerically considered, there can scarcely be a doubt of the ultimate success of England, though probably at the cost of needlessly heavy sacrifices of men and money, yet there are possibilities which might change the situation in favor of the Boers. Among these might be the chance of the outbreak of the plague in the British army, a chance which has placed other armies—we need only remember the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828-29—in the worst possible situation against far weaker adversaries.

But even a complete military success of the British troops, unless it led to a reconciliation between the contending nationalities and systems, would impose upon England tasks which she would scarcely be able to perform continuously.

A permanent garrison of 40-50,000 men in South Africa would require so large a portion of the English army that very soon a comprehensive change of the British military system would be needed. Then the time will come when the nation will have to answer the question whether the solution of the South African difficulty by the fusion of the various elements existing there might not have been accomplished in a cheaper and more bloodless way. The conviction forces itself upon the unprejudiced observer that the more rapid increase in the number of foreigners, and the intermarriages between the members of the various nationalities would, in the course of a few years or decades, naturally and inevitably produce a preponderance of the English element, and that it would have been better to seek an understanding upon the basis of concessions made by the Boers, rather than upon military successes.

The dream of a military promenade to Pretoria vanished long ago, the ex-

ultation over the nominal victories at Glencoe and Elandslaagte has died away, and the consciousness that, even in the most favorable case, still greater sacrifices will become necessary, is beginning to cast its shadow over England. But the most significant fact of all is probably the feeling in Continental circles, that too speedy and easy a victory for England would be more inimical to universal peace than a prolongation of the struggle. It is not envy and jealousy, especially in

Germany, which evoke this feeling,—the victors in three wars, and the successful competitors in commerce and manufactures, can witness any good fortune of other nations without jealousy,—but the conviction that laurels too easily won would prevent English imperialists from appreciating actual circumstances, and might, therefore, cause farther conflicts, which Germany would be unable to witness as quietly as the battles in South Africa.

M. von Brandt.

Deutsche Revue.

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

DIED 20TH JANUARY, 1900.

A strong, calm, steadfast, single-hearted soul,
Sincere as Truth, and tender like a maid,
He lived as one whom nothing could persuade
From reticence and manly self-control.
Insight and humor, and the rhythmic roll
Of antique lore, his fertile fancies sway'd,
And with their various eloquence array'd
His sterling English, pure and clean and whole.

Fair Nature mourns him now, as well she may
So apt a pupil and so close a friend;
But what of us, who through his lifelong day
Knew him at home, and loved him to the end?
One thing we know: that Love's transcendent name
Is link'd with his, and with his honor'd fame.

The Athenaeum.

Arthur Munby.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

MARCH 3, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A MICMAC RAID IN ACADIE.*

At first he had stood inactive, sick with pity and impotence; but at the first sign of living humanity in the dark cottages, Gaspar made up his mind what to do. The largest of the houses was just before him. Springing through the open door, he stumbled over two prone and writhing figures in the passage. The glare from the stacks showed him a painted Micmac and a white man in his shirt, locked in a death grip. This was no affair of his. He slipped past, darted up a narrow stairway, and found himself before two doors—one open and one shut. To the shut one he turned with a flash of thought that here, perhaps, he might be in time.

The door was bolted, but snapped open as his shoulder surged against it; and he paused upon the threshold.

The little room was brilliantly alight from a blaze of hay just before the window. Against one wall was a low bed. He had a vision of a young girl starting up from the pillow, her great eyes wild with fear, her face whitely gleaming with a wild glory of red-gold hair. A cry froze on her lips, and she clutched at the blankets as if to try to hide some small form that lay between her and the wall.

At this moment, another door, opposite to Gaspar, burst open, and a savage darted in. His fierce black

eyes fell on the bed, and, with a whoop, he pounced forward, scalping-knife in hand. The girl cowered, shuddering, and hid her face.

But Gaspar was there as soon as the savage. With his left hand he caught the uplifted wrist, and the stroke never fell. Under the raised arm his long knife shot home to the hilt, driven hotly. The redskin dropped with a deep, gasping grunt.

Gaspar rolled the limp body under the bed. The girl, who had looked up in time to see the end of the swift encounter, was gazing at him in bewilderment.

"Quick, mademoiselle! Get up! Come! There'll be others here on the instant!"

He ordered sharply, thrusting into her hands a heavy, woollen skirt which lay on a chair near by.

She had her wits about her in a moment.

"No," she answered. "Save *him* if you can!" and, pulling aside the covering, she showed him a rosy child asleep beside her.

Gaspar's jaw set like iron.

"Jesu-Marie!" he vowed between his teeth, "I will save you both. But it will be hard! Come! Come!"

And hastily rolling the little one in the blanket, he snatched him up and turned to the door by which he had entered. The girl, meanwhile, had slipped small, white feet into the shoes which lay by the bed, thrown on the

*From *By the Marshes of Minas*. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Copyright, 1900, by Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, \$1.25.

skirt deftly, flung a quilt over her head and shoulders, and was at his side without a further word. Even in that desperate moment Gaspar gloried in her self-control.

"How our women would have shrieked!" he said to himself.

The bundle on his left arm began to squirm awkwardly, and muffled cries came from within it. He turned, and thrust it into the girl's arms with a quick movement.

"Keep him quiet," he muttered—though, in truth, there seemed little need for silence, for the red light was one quivering horror of yells, shrieks, and curses, penetrated sharply with a musket shot now and then. As the girl took the child a brief lull in the uproar let her hear deep groans from a neighboring room.

"Oh, that is my uncle's room!" she gasped, beginning to tremble violently, and leaning against the wall. But in a second she was firm again, and followed steadily with the child in her arms.

At the foot of the stairs opened a small, windowless closet; and into this, perceiving the approach of several savages by the front door, Gaspar pushed his charges. He took his stand in the entrance, leaning indifferently against the door-post. His musket, hitherto unused, its one charge guarded for a supreme emergency, rested in his left arm. His right hand lay on the handle of his sheathed knife. "Huh?" grunted the foremost savage, inquiringly, while the others passed on. He peered over Gaspar's shoulder into the thick shadows of the closet. Then he attempted to push past, but the young man's elbow, jerked forward ungentily, balked him. The savage grunted again with resentment, and half raised his hatchet; but Gaspar's cold gaze made him hesitate.

"My business, brother! Go on!" was the curt command; and, after an angry

pause, the redskin followed his fellows up the stairs.

The moment he disappeared, Gaspar turned, clutched the girl's arm, and dragged her at a run out of the door, into the lurid street. There he paused; and they walked as if there were no need of haste, straight down the middle of the street. A savage in the doorway opposite eyed them curiously, but not recognizing Gaspar in his war paint, supposed his brother savage knew his business. Then three yelling redskins ran past, hard on the heels of a half-naked and unarmed white man, who fled with chalk face and mad eyes of horror. As they passed, one of the redskins aimed a slash at the girl with his knife; but his arm was caught by Gaspar with a wrench that nearly snapped it, and with a cry of pain and astonishment, he ran on, not stopping to investigate the mystery.

A minute more, and the fugitives found themselves opposite a lane which led down between some burning outbuildings to a spur of thick woodland. Here they turned; but as they did so, two savages stepped out from the nearest house, to which they had set fire, and stood squarely in their path. Simultaneously they caught at the bundle in the girl's arms. But, quick as a flash, Gaspar swept her behind him.

"Mine!" said he, curtly and coolly, warning them off with a gesture. "Have a care, brothers."

"Huh! Chief Cope say no captives this time!" said one of the savages, while the other stood irresolutely looking on.

"But I say captives," rejoined Gaspar, in a haughty voice. "If Chief Cope objects, he can talk to me by and by. I am Gaspar Le Marchand, and am minding my own business. Go you about yours, brothers."

The two savages looked at each

other, and then at Gaspar's steady eyes confronting them.

"We want our share, brother," grumbled the spokesman.

"You shall have that—the scalp-money," replied Gaspar, with a sneer. "One *here tournois* to each of you I will pay. Come to me for it, at Grand Pré, when you will."

"How we know? The French lie, sometimes, eh, what?" objected the savage.

"The Black Le Marchands don't lie," answered Gaspar, sternly. "I will pay you. Go!"

And they went, judging this Frenchman one ill to thwart. Gaspar fetched a deep breath of relief, as he led the girl with her silent burden down the lane, safe out of the glaring exposure of the street. The heat was stifling as they passed between the blazing sheds, but he judged the worst of the peril was behind him. From a noticeable change in the character of the shouts and yells that rent the air, he knew that certain supplies of potent New England rum had been discovered, and that for a time the raiders would have other things than dry pursuit to think of.

But he congratulated himself too soon. One pair of vindictive eyes, at least, had seen him turn into the lane, and had been concerned that Chief Cope's order, "All scalps; no captives," should be enforced. The girl's quick ear caught a footfall behind her. She glanced back, and, sudden as light, swung herself, with a warning cry, around in front of her protector. Gaspar wheeled in his tracks, and faced a huge savage, whose knife dripped blood still streaming.

For several seconds the two eyed each other in silence. But Gaspar would not waste time in such an extremity.

"I don't want to kill you," said he, no longer cool and masterful, but be-

ginning to lose himself in rage. "Don't interfere with me. Be off!"

Losing control of himself, he lost control of his opponent.

"Ugh!" snarled the savage. "Acadian no good!" and made a lightning pass at him. But Gaspar had the eye and hand which work quicker than the brain can order them. Ere that stroke formed itself he swerved lightly, and the muzzle of his musket, shooting upward, caught the redskin just below the chin. His head and both hands flew up, and, as he staggered backward, Caspar swung the butt in a short circle so that it fetched him terrifically in the ribs.

"That fellow will not trouble us any further," he explained to the girl, as he eyed the painted heap in the gutter. Less than a minute more, and they were within the shadow of the ancient woods. The girl sank half-fainting at the foot of a tree, but Gaspar pulled her to her feet.

"No, no," he muttered, sternly, "you must not break down now! You have been wonderful, wonderfully brave and strong, mademoiselle; but you must keep it up. We may be followed. We must get away this instant!"

"Yes, I will be strong. I will do anything you bid me, sir," she answered, leaning upon him for a moment, but still firmly clutching the child, who, meanwhile, had got his little, yellow head from the smother of blanket, and was watching Gaspar with round, blue, wondering eyes.

"I'll carry him now," said Gaspar; and the little fellow came to him readily, laughing and rubbing the paint from his cheek with delighted fingers.

"You take the musket," he continued. "Could you use it at need, mademoiselle—or—not madame?"

"No, not madame," she answered, the faintest color returning to her white cheek. "He is my little cousin—alas! an orphan now, as I have been

since a child like him! But as for this"—and she examined the musket with a brave face—"yes, I can use it, sir; and will fight beside you, if you will let me. But how do you come to be among those fiends, and painted as one of them? Oh, no—why do I ask questions, instead of just thanking God on my knees that you *were* among them!"

She knelt, but was up again before Gaspar could bid her take a more convenient season for her devotions. Through the woods they pressed breathlessly, till first the babel behind them died out, and, at last, the glare of the burning grew dim; and then, with the earliest rose of dawn they came out upon the marshes, and saw, not half a league away, the low ramparts of Fort Lawrence.

As they journeyed now at an easier pace, Gaspar's eyes could not keep themselves from the strangely-clad but wholly-bewildering figure at his side. Her calm, her marvellous courage, the confidence of her white, fine-chiselled face, the wonder of her hair aglow in the early light were a revelation of unguessed womanhood to him. His brain fumed with a thousand plans, but his tongue was wisely dumb.

At last they reached the foot of a gentle slope, some half-mile from the fort gates; and here Gaspar stopped.

"I will watch you safely in, mademoi-

selle," said he; putting the child back into her arms and taking his musket. "But—"

"My name is Ruth, sir," she interrupted. "You have not asked it, but I hope you will remember it a little while. Ruth Allison, sir."

Gaspar's eyes flamed upon her, and his speech grew stammering.

"Ruth—I mean mademoiselle," he cried—"I will not go up to the fort now, because I should be detained for explanations, and I must make the utmost haste back to Grande Pré. I must get my house sold and take my mother and young brother to a place of safety, before the Black Abbé gets wind of my part in this night's work. Then I must see you again, mademoiselle, to ask if you—if you and the little one—who seems to love me, I think—are recovered after these horrors. You will stay here, will you not? And I may come, may I not?"

"Surely I should be grieved, indeed, if your interest in those you have saved were not enough to bring you, sir," she answered, simply. "And for your noble courage—your splendid—Oh, sir, how can I find words for such generosity? God will surely reward you!"

"I pray, mademoiselle," said Gaspar, in a low voice, turning to go, "that you will not leave my reward altogether to God."

QUAINT DUTCH RELICS.*

The emblems and treasures of the old guilds were delightful to look at. I could imagine myself back in Japan, where I used to see the potters, bronze-smiths, and jewelers "putting their

brains into their work," and showing individual taste and humor in their handicraft. Here are finely carved boxes, once the property of the bakers', coopers' and shoemakers' guilds, used for records or to receive the gifts of the benevolent. The alms-box of the booksellers' guild is shaped like an

*From *The American in Holland*. By William Elliot Griffis. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

acorn, but since "book" is from beech, one would think this might have been in the form of a beechnut. The butchers have a tablet. On a hotelkeeper's sign is a picture of Christ at Emmaus breaking bread,—a favorite subject with Rembrandt. I am glad to salute a brother craftsman, dust or turf though now he may be as to his body—one Hendrik Muntinghe, who made a silver coffee-pot as a proof piece for admittance into the silversmiths' guild. The rattan handle, non-conductor of heat, showed that he had some regard for the nerves of the lady who was to pour out the steaming liquid.

Here, as elsewhere in this country of heavy drinkers, one is impressed with the vastness and variety of the horns, beakers, goblets, and mugs. These are older than tea and coffee-pots and cups and saucers, even as alcohol is, in Europe at least, older than theine.

In old Groningen, it seems, the country folk were mostly of Frisian, and the townspeople largely of Saxon origin. This province is not so rich in heraldic devices, and town arms are not so numerous as in the two Hollands, or in North Brabant, though here are not a few seals in steel and silver.

The maps show how glorious Groningen appeared in the old days of war. Then, with her mighty moats, imposing gates, and sixteen bastions, she defied her enemy. History here moves in procession from the unlettered knight of the dim past to the present well-educated private soldier. Prehistoric life on the "terpen" (here called "wierden") is illustrated by relics bearing on them marks of human workmanship, the great stag horns and bear's teeth; flutes, combs, styluses and awls, pickaxes and hammers, fashioned from bone; chisels, arrow and spear heads, scrapers, burnishers, and coffins made of stone.

Then follows the age of bronze. Here are scissors and bracelets, shield

bosses and scales, weapons to thrust, cut and shoot with, or to hurl. In imagination we tramp with the Romans, as they march with Drusus or Corbulo, look out from the tumuli over the North Sea, or move eastward to their destruction at Teutenberg. In the days of the legions, the landscape must have been vastly different from our time,—only alternate hard land and morass. Here are coins, copper and silver, the soldier's honor-medals, mantle holders, safety pins, and knick-knacks of all sorts, once made in Italy, and dug up from the soil of this city.

The Christian emblems are next in order of time. A great baptismal font of stone from Eenrum is big enough for Radbod to have stood in knee deep. On this very day we find that the janitor's child, in his play, has hidden his toy horse and wagon in it. Another font from Dorkweerd is literally a great tub, in which people were immersed. Amber ornaments are abundant. The old copper church basins are quaintly engraved. Indeed, the number of basins is wonderful. In the days before forks, and even down to the seventeenth century, finger bowls after eating were a thrice daily necessity, and such are most of these copper vessels for cleansing hands after meals. Many relics are survivals of the Spanish time, such as a hooped cannon or bombardier of the fifteenth century, which tumbled into the canal, slept in the ooze for three centuries, to wake up, like some Rip Van Winkle, beside the Krupp cannon of to-day. Certain iron helmets with their vizors are from a church, which might almost be called Ting-a-ling, for it has the tintinnabulous name, Kerk Te Tinallinge. Near the headgear are old fossil gauntlets.

The age of tobacco is well illustrated. Beside the ancient pipes is a package of the weed prepared during the French rule, when the product of Vir-

ginia was the monopoly of the state. An old iron fireplace back shows the Annunciation, and another, Mercury sitting at a bellows.

In the rear of the University a bit of old fortification still recalls the siege of Groningen by the Bishop of Münster, ally of the French Louis XIV. Then it was that the phrase "*chevaux de Frise*" came into military language. The wooden abatis, which looked like creatures with heads and legs, were dubbed "*horses of Frisia*." In one form or another, they have been the hobby of defenders ever since. I saw miles of them in front of Lee's intrenchments. Our boys remember them well before Petersburg. Such war horses must be fought with fire and axes.

In much later time the Groningen students formed a company under the banner of the kingdom. Here is a figure of a Flankeur of 1830, with flint-lock musket, on whose cap front is the orange button, the crossed sword and file, and the motto "*True to King and Fatherland*," the crown bearing the letter W for King William. Many of the lads, leaving the classroom, fought in the war of 1830. Near by is the banner of the Metal Cross Union.

A reader of Hawthorne is interested in seeing a picture of the Kaak, or Schandaal, which once stood in the great market-place of the city. The

words mean "*pillory*" or "*scandal-post*."

This was nothing less than the judgment seat, and the Teutonic original of the same which Hawthorne, in his "*Scarlet Letter*", has made so vivid to us. Above the seat, with its steps and railing, was a pole rising from the centre, with the figure of Justice on its top. In the old Dutch cities the market square—almost always an open green or common—was the centre of popular gatherings as well as for public display and official advertisement of both honor and shame. The Saxo-Frisians introduced this feature of town life into England, and thence their descendants brought it into America.

Looking from my hotel window into the market square, I called back in imagination the half-naked Teutons in skins, the Romans in shining brass, the first Christian missionaries with the cross, the Spaniards in their steel, the Dutch liberators and their English allies. Each of these, in his turn, was a representative of his day. Now at last come the Salvation Army and the great host of physicians to usher in the day when the preservation of life and the saving of the soul shall be deemed more important than the warrior's craft and the trade of war. So may the Netherlands ever love the victories of peace, and our country ever be "*The Great Pacific Power*."

IN THE COURTING MEADOW.*

Anon came the benediction. Governor, councillors, commanders and ministers left the choir and paced solemnly down the aisle; the maids closed in behind; and we, who had lined the walls, shifting from one heel to the

other for a long two hours, brought up the rear, and so passed from the church to a fair green meadow adjacent thereto. Here the company disbanded—the wearers of gold lace betaking themselves to seats erected in the shadow of a mighty oak, and the ministers, of whom there were four,

**From To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnston. Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.*

bestowing themselves behind pulpits of turf. For one altar and one clergyman could not hope to dispatch that day's business.

As for the maids, for a minute or more they made one clust r; then, shyly or with laughter, they drifted apart like the petals of a wind-blown rose, and silk doublet and hose gave chase. Five minutes saw the goodly company of damsels errant and would-be-bridegrooms scattered far and near over the smiling meadow. For the most part they went man and maid, but the fairer of the feminine cohort had rings of clamorous suitors from whom to choose. As for me, I walked alone; for if by chance I neared a maid she looked (woman-like) at my apparel first, and never reached my face, but squarely turned her back. So disengaged, I felt like a guest at a mask, and in some measure enjoyed the show, though with an uneasy consciousness that I was pledged to become, sooner or later, a part of the spectacle. I saw a shepherdess, fresh from Arcadia, wave back a dozen importunate gallants, then throw a knot of blue ribbon into their midst, laugh with glee at the scramble that ensued, and finally march off with the wearer of the favor. I saw a neighbor of mine, tall Jack Pride, who lived twelve miles above me, blush and stammer, and bow again and again to a milliner's apprentice of a girl, not five feet high, and all eyes, who dropped a curtsy at each bow. When I had passed them fifty yards or more, and looked back, they were still bobbing and bowing. And I heard a dialogue between Phyllis and Corydon. Says Phyllis, "Any poultry?"

Corydon: "A matter of twalve hens and twa cocks."

Phyllis: "A cow?"

Corydon: "Twa."

Phyllis: "How much tobacco?"

Corydon: "Three acres, hinny, though

I dinna drink the weed mysel'. I'm a Stewart, woman, an' the King's pair cousin."

Phyllis: "What household plenishings?"

Corydon: "Ane large bed, ane flock bed, ane trundle bed, ane chest, ane trunk, ane leather calrpel, sax cawfskin chairs, an' twa-three rush, five pair sheets an' auchteen dowlas napkins, sax alchemy spunes—"

Phyllis: "I'll take you."

At the far end of the meadow, near to the fort, I met young Hamor, alone, flushed, and hurrying back to the more populous part of the field.

"Not yet mated?" I asked. "Where are the maids' eyes?"

"By—!" he answered, with an angry laugh. "If they're all like the sample I've just left, I'll buy me a squaw from the Paspaheghs!"

I smiled. "So your wooing has not prospered?"

His vanity took fire. "I have not wooed in earnest," he said, carelessly, and hitched forward his cloak of sky-blue tuf-taffeta with an air. "I sheered off quickly enough, 'I warrant you, when I found the nature of the commodity I had to deal with."

"Ah!" I said. "When I left the crowd they were going very fast. You had best hurry, if you wish to secure a bargain."

"I'm off," he answered; then, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "If you keep on to that clump of willows, you will find Termagaunt in ruff and farthingale."

When he was gone, I stood still for awhile and watched the blue sweep of a buzzard high in the blue, after which I unsheathed my dagger, and with it tried to scrape the dried mud from my boots. Succeeding but indifferently, I put the blade up, stared again at the sky, drew a long breath, and marched upon the covert of willows indicated by Hamor.

As I neared it, I heard at first only the babble of the stream which flowed through it; but presently there came to my ears the sound of a man's voice, and then a woman's angry "Begone, sir!"

"Kiss and be friends," said the man.

The sound that followed being something of the loudest for even a hearty salutation, I was not surprised, on parting the bushes, to find the one nursing his cheek, and the other her hand.

"You shall pay well for that, you sweet vixen!" he cried, and caught her by both wrists.

She struggled fiercely, bending her head this way and that, but his hot lips had touched her face before I could come between.

When I had knocked him down he lay where he fell, dazed by the blow, and blinking up at me with his small, ferret eyes. I knew him to be one Edward Sharpless, and I knew no good of him. He had been a lawyer in England. He lay on the very brink of the stream, with one arm touching the water. Flesh and blood could not resist it, so, assisted by the toe of my boot, he took a cold bath to cool his hot blood.

When he had clambered out on the opposite bank and had gone away, cursing, I turned to face her. She stood against the trunk of a great willow, her head thrown back, a spot of angry crimson in each cheek, one small hand clenched at her throat. I had heard her laugh as Sharpless touched the water, but now there was only defiance in her face. As we gazed at each other, a burst of laughter came to us from the meadow behind. I looked over my shoulder, and beheld young Hamor,—probably disappointed of a wife,—with Giles Allen and Wynne, returning to his abandoned quarry. She saw, too, for the crimson spread and deepened and her bosom heaved. Her

dark eyes, glancing here and there like those of a hunted creature, met mine.

"Madam," I said, "will you marry me?"

She looked at me strangely. "Do you live here?" she asked at last, with a disdainful wave of her hand toward the town.

"No, madam," I answered. "I live up river, in Weyanoke Hundred, some miles from here."

"Then, in God's name, let us begone!" she cried, with sudden passion.

I bowed low, and advanced to kiss her hand.

The finger tips which she slowly and reluctantly resigned to me were icy, and the look with which she favored me was not such an one as poets feign for like occasions. I shrugged the shoulders of my spirit, but said nothing. So, hand in hand, though at arms' length, we passed from the shade of the willows into the open meadow, where we presently met Hamor and his party. They would have barred the way, laughing and making unsavory jests, but I drew her closer to me and laid my hand on my sword. They stood aside, for I was the best swordsman in Virginia.

The meadow was now less thronged. The river, up and down, was white with sailboats, and across the neck of the peninsula went a line of horsemen, each with his purchase upon a pillion behind him. The Governor, the Councillors, and the commanders had betaken themselves to the Governor's house, where a great dinner was to be given. But Master Piersey, the Cape Merchant, remained to see the Company reimbursed to the last leaf, and the four ministers still found occupation, though one couple trod not upon the heels of another, as they had done an hour ago.

"I must first satisfy the treasurer," I said, coming to a halt within fifty feet of the now deserted high places.

She drew her hand from mine, and looked me up and down.

"How much is it?" she asked, at last. "I will pay it."

I stared at her.

"Can't you speak?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "At what am I valued? Ten pounds—fifty pounds—"

"At one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, madam," I said, drily. "To what name upon the ship's list do you answer?"

"Patience Worth," she replied.

I left her standing there, and went upon my errand with a whirling brain. Her enrollment in that company proclaimed her meanly born, and she bore herself as of blood royal; of her own free will she had crossed the ocean to meet this day, and she held in passionate hatred this day and all that it contained; she was come to Virginia to better her condition, and the purse which she had drawn from her bosom was filled with gold pieces. To another I would have advised caution, delay, application to the Governor, inquiry; for myself I cared not to make inquiries.

The treasurer gave me my receipt and I procured, from the crowd around him, Humphrey Ken, a good man and true, and old Belfield, the perfumer, for witnesses. With them at my heels I went back to her, and, giving her my hand, was making for the nearest minister, when a voice at a little distance hailed me, crying, "This way, Captain Percy!"

I turned toward the voice, and beheld the great figure of Master Jeremy Sparrow sitting, cross-legged like the Grand Turk, upon a grassy hillock, and beckoning to me from that elevation.

"Our acquaintance hath been of the shortest," he said, genially, when the maid, the witnesses and I had reached the foot of the hillock, "but I have taken a liking to you and would fain

do you a service. Moreover, I lack employment. The maids take me for a hedge parson, and sheer off to my brethren, who truly are of a more clerical appearance. Whereas, if they could only look upon the inner man! You have been long in choosing, but have doubtless chosen—" He glanced from me to the woman beside me, and broke off with open mouth and staring eyes. There was excuse, for her beauty was amazing. "A paragon," he ended, recovering himself.

"Marry us quickly, friend," I said. "Clouds are gathering, and we have far to go."

He came down from his mound, and we went and stood before him. I had around my neck the gold chain given me upon a certain occasion by Prince Maurice, and in lieu of other ring I now twisted off the smallest link and gave it to her.

"Your name?" asked Master Sparrow, opening his book.

"Ralph Percy, Gentleman."

"And yours?" he demanded, staring at her with a somewhat too apparent delight in her beauty.

She flushed richly and bit her lip.

He repeated the question.

She stood a minute in silence, her eyes upon the darkening sky. Then she said, in a low voice, "Jocelyn Leigh."

It was not the name I had watched the Cape Merchant strike off his list. I turned upon her and made her meet my eyes. "What is your name?" I demanded. "Tell me the truth!"

"I have told it," she answered, proudly. "It is Jocelyn Leigh."

I faced the minister again. "Go on," I said briefly.

"The Company commands that no constraint be put upon its poor maids. Wherefore, do you marry this man of your own free will and choice?"

"Ay," she said, "of my own free will."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The promised biography of Coventry Patmore will be published this spring.

The probable date of the publication of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is said to be 1901.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago announce a new volume of essays and addresses by Bishop Spalding, largely devoted to the consideration of educational problems.

Mr. Ruskin had peculiarities about payment for his work. It is told of him that when he wrote a certain article, to appear in the Magazine of Art, he would neither give the article for nothing, nor receive its market price, but insisted on "a penny a line, neither more nor less."

There has been some perplexity as to whether Dr. Conan Doyle was going out to South Africa as a soldier, as a detective, as a correspondent, as a collector of literary material, or as a surgeon. But it appears that it is in the last-named capacity that he expects to be of service.

Apropos of the recent death of the venerable Dr. James Martineau, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce that they have in preparation a life of Dr. Martineau by the Rev. A. W. Jackson. The same house publishes Dr. Martineau's "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things" in two volumes.

The number of new books and new editions published in Great Britain last year exceeded by fifty those of 1898. There was an increase of 88 in the number of new editions of fiction,

which is a cheering sign of an increasing circulation of older books; an increase of 102 volumes in belles-lettres, essays, monographs, etc., and of 23 volumes in poetry; and a shrinkage of 70 in political and kindred books.

Mr. G. W. Steevens, the brilliant correspondent of the London Mail, whose death at Ladysmith, at the early age of thirty, is widely deplored, had arranged for the publication of his experiences in South Africa, a London publisher having agreed to give him some thousands of pounds on receipt of the manuscript, and a generous royalty on every copy sold.

"Bible Questions," a series of "studies" arranged for every week in the year, by James M. Campbell, proves to be a book of short talks or "skeleton" sermons. Each takes as text a verse of Scripture in question form, as "What doest thou here, Elijah?" for the basis of a talk on "In the wrong place." The conciseness of its style will be an attraction to many. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

The literature of track athletics has crystallized into book form only to a very slight degree. William Lindsay's "At Start and Finish," which Small, Maynard & Co. publish, is a readable and vigorous addition to it. The nine stories, whose heroes are the winners, or the equally-plucky losers, of runs, high jumps, and hurdle races, are vividly realistic, and will furnish material for lively discussion, while "Ather-ton's Last Half" may serve as a much-needed check upon some athletic extremes. A touching little sketch which will appeal to an even larger public

than the others is that called "His Name is Mud"—the story of the mascot of a football team.

To the much-liked series of "Beacon Biographies" has been added a life of Thomas Paine, written with skill and vigor by Ellery Sedgwick. The treatment of matters both French and American is excellent, and certain misapprehensions with regard to Paine's influence and principles are ably combated. The brief chronologies which accompany these little biographies are in themselves of unusual convenience and value. Small, Maynard & Co. are the publishers.

The striking story, "With the Eyes of the Soul," which appeared anonymously in Macmillan's Magazine, and was reprinted in *The Living Age* for February 3, was written, as we understand, by Mrs. Gertrude Blake Stanton, the daughter of Mr. F. Stanhope Hill, editor of the Cambridge Tribune. Mrs. Stanton has made a number of contributions to American magazines during the past few years, but we believe this is her first appearance in an English publication.

Mr. Ruskin was one of the most ardent admirers of Sir Walter Scott. From a child he had fed on the *Waverley* Novels, and his quotations from and allusions to Scott would fill a volume. He was a boy when the series was drawing to a close, and he has written: "I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible." The battle of Flodden in "*Marmion*" he thought "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature; the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conception of both." Of certain of the *Waverley* novels he

said that they "are, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless throughout as human work can be."

A convenient-looking little book whose very size adds to its suggestion of attractive usefulness, is a group of "talks" by Elisha Gray, "*Nature's Miracles*." From the first chapter on "world-building," through extremely interesting elucidations of such topics as clouds, meteors, sponges, "liquid air," and "stored energy" in water, the treatment is careful and accurate, but untechnical enough not to daunt the average inquiring mind. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.)

The arrival of Sir Edwin Sandys's shipload of pretty brides for the Jamestown colonists is the opening incident in Mary Johnston's stirring novel "*To Have and to Hold*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers). The plot follows the fortunes of an unknown beauty of high degree, who casts herself upon the chivalry of the hero, and shares with him those perils from wilderness and sea, pirate and savage, which the seventeenth century offers in such profusion to the pen of the romanticist. To this school of novelists Miss Johnston clearly belongs, and among them her work must be ranked high. Its historical background is effective without being obtrusive; the dialogue is often extremely clever; and the interest of the narrative is sustained at a high pitch throughout. A vivid sense of the picturesque has enabled Miss Johnston to supply, with her descriptions of the Virginian swamp and forest, that color and warmth for lack of which stories of our American colonial life have often compared so unfavorably with those of the same period whose scene has been laid on the other side of the Atlantic.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Adams, Charles Francis. By his Son, Charles Francis Adams. American Statesmen Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Arabia, Southern. By the late Theodore Bent and Mrs. Bent. Smith Elder & Co.
- At Start and Finish. By William Lindsey. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Bible Questions. By James M. Campbell. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Caroline Islands, The. Travels in the Sea of the Little Lands. By F. W. Christian. Methuen & Co.
- Durnford, Bishop, A Memoir of. By W. R. W. Stephens. John Murray.
- Fitch, Ralph, England's Pioneer in India. By J. Horton Ryley. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Frames of Mind. By A. B. Walkley. Grant Richards.
- Frontier, Making of a, The. By Col. Algernon Durand, C.B., C.I.E. John Murray.
- Great Company, The. 1667-1871. By Beckles Wilson. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Home and Garden. By Gertrude Jekyll. Longman's, Green & Co.
- In London's Heart. By George R. Sims. Chatto & Windus.
- Khiva, A New Ride to. By R. L. Jefferson. Methuen & Co.
- Lady from Nowhere, The. By Fergus Hume. Chatto & Windus.
- Lao-ti the Celestial. By M. Bird. Hutchinson & Co.
- Law of Nations, A History of the. Vol. I. By Thomas Alfred Walker. Cambridge University Press.
- Lowly Lover, A. By Florence Warden. F. V. White & Co.
- Marshes of Minas, The. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Musketry Training and Artillery Practice, 1884-99, Speeches on. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Thom & Co.
- Mysticism, Christian. By W. R. Inge, M. A. Methuen & Co.
- Nature's Miracles. By Elisha Gray. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price, \$0.60.
- Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis. Edited by Robinson Ellis and A. D. Godley. Clarendon Press.
- Paine, Thomas. The Beacon Biographies. By Ellery Sedgwick. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Plants, The Physiology of. Vol. I. By Dr. W. Pfeffer. Henry Frowde.
- Russia, Among Horses in. By Capt. M. H. Hayes. R. A. Everett & Co.
- Secret of the North Sea, A. By Algernon Gissing. Chatto & Windus.
- Shakespeare, Historical Tales from. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Sour Grapes. By J. F. Cornish. Chatto & Windus.
- Sunday Afternoons for the Children. A Mother Book. By E. Frances Soule. Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. Price, \$0.75.
- Surrey Garden, More Potpourri from. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co.
- To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Tropics, A Glimpse of the. By G. A. Hastings Jay, L. L. B. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
- Wide Dominion, A. By Harold Bindloss. T. Fisher Unwin.
- XIXth and their Times, The. By Colonel John Biddulph. John Murray.
- Yeoman Fleetwood. By M. E. Francis. Longmans & Co.